INSIDE — BATMAN PLUS DAREDEVIL!

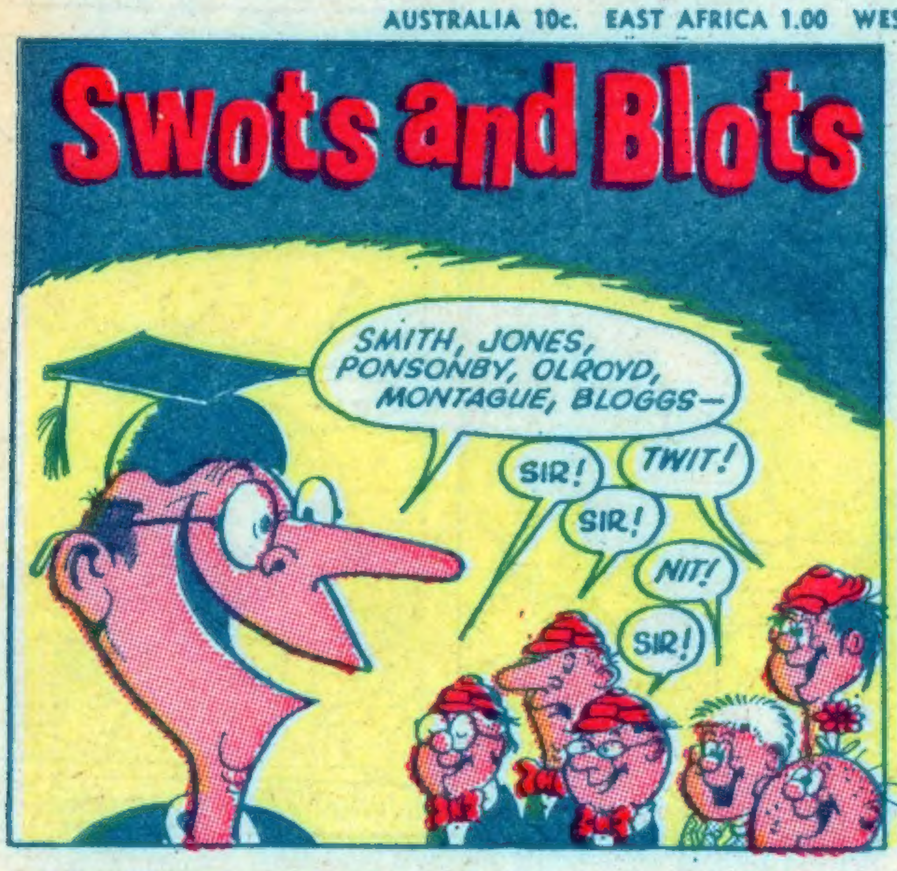
A POWER COMIC

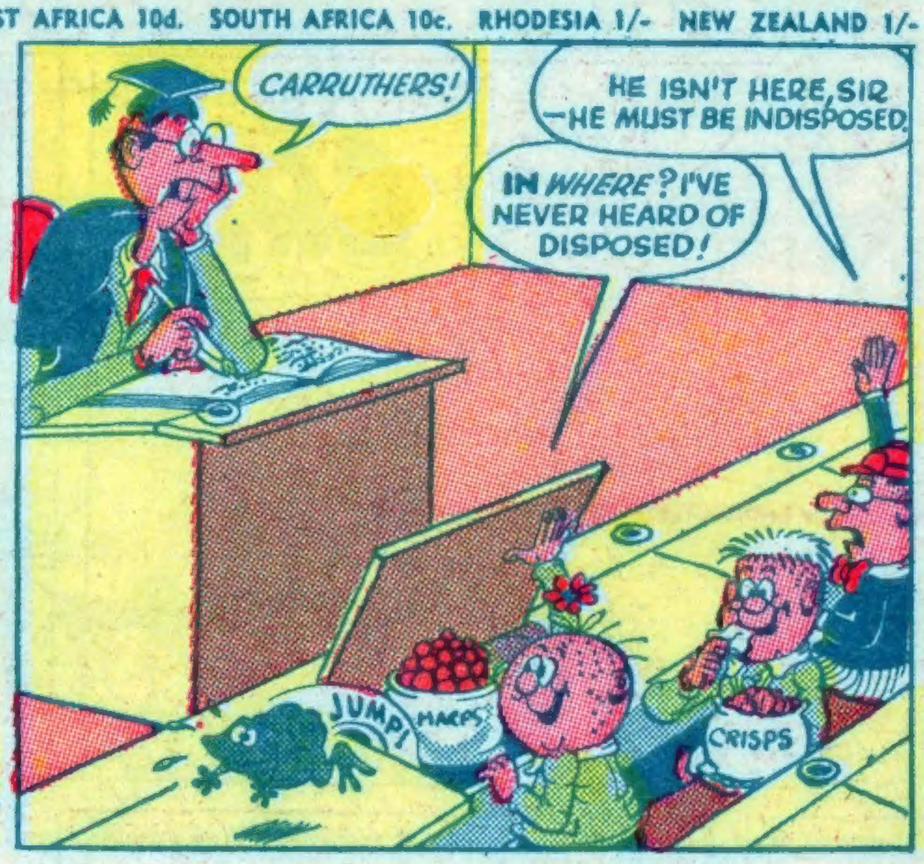
SMASH!

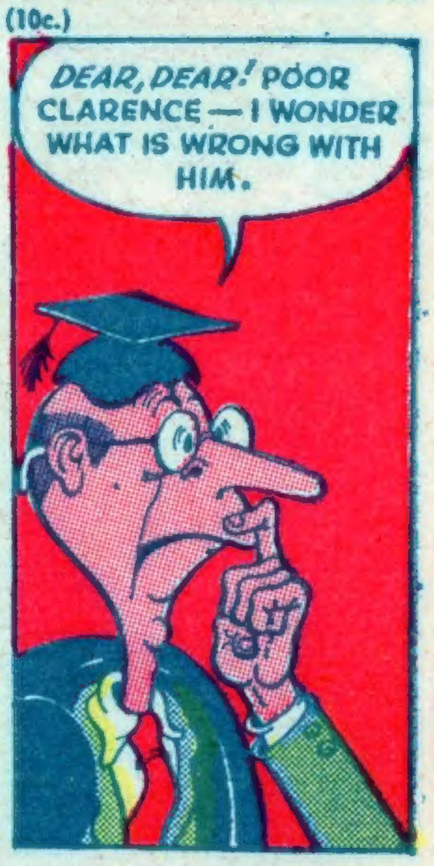
No. 118
4th MAY 1968
EVERY MONDAY
7d

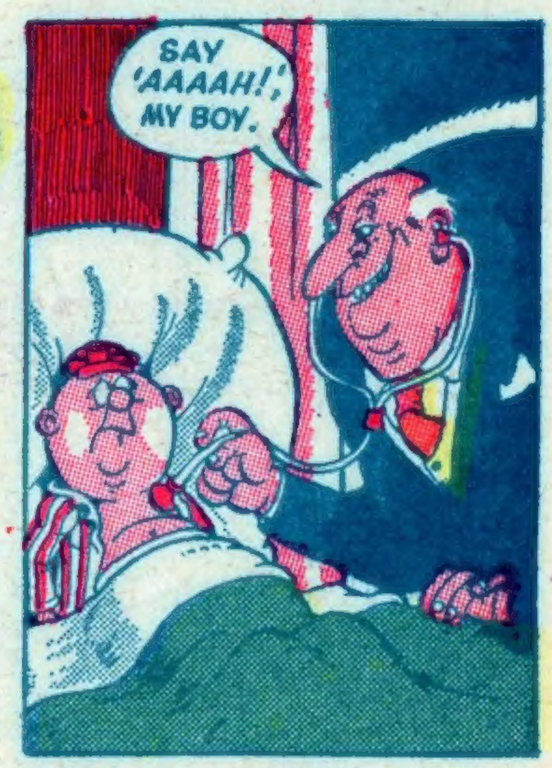
AUSTRALIA 10c. EAST AFRICA 1.00 WEST AFRICA 10d. SOUTH AFRICA 10c. RHODESIA 1/- NEW ZEALAND 1/- (10c.)

Swots and Blots









CONTINUED OVER PAGE

© Odhams Press Ltd., England, 1968

HMMM! I KNOW YOUR TROUBLE — YOU'VE GOT A BLOCKED NOSE!
GRRR! GED ID OFF! GED IT OFF!
PLOP!

COO! IT'S STUCK, CLARENCE — RECKON THE DOC MUST KEEP HIS OLD CHEWING GUM IN IT!
PULL!
DO-OOH!
S-T-R-E-T-C-H!

STRETCH-H-H!
NEVER FEAR — THE BLOTS ARE HERE!
HE NOSE THAT!
SNIGGER! TITTER!
WE'LL SOON UNHITCH YOUR SNITCH!

CRACK!

AAGH!
CRASH!
WHOOSH!
COO! A PLASTER DISASTER! HO! HO!

HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET IT OFF NOW?
DAZE!
I RECKON WE'LL HAVE TO -ER- CHISEL IT OFF!

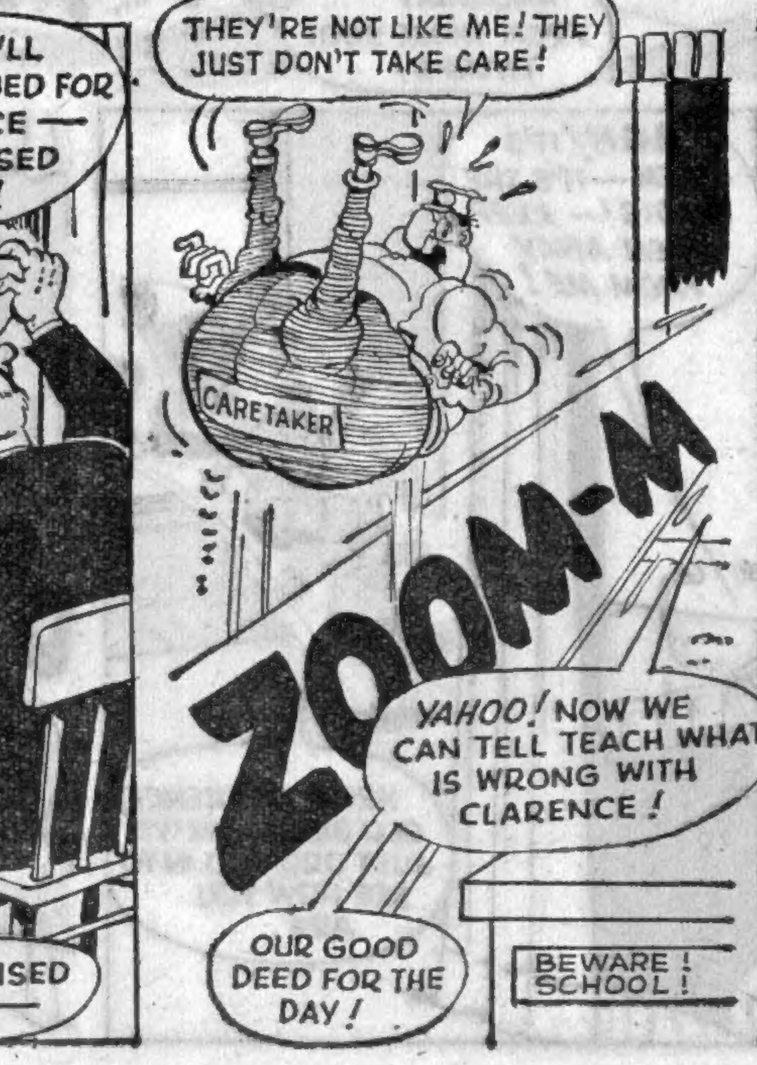
CH-CH-CH-CHISEL IT OFF!? — GULP! — HELP!

YOU'RE NOD COMING DERE ME WID CHISELS!
ZOOM!

COO! OLD CLARENCE HAS GOT HIS LEGS IN PLASTER!
EEK! MY LEGS ARE ALL MIXED UB IN DAT LUMP OB PLASTER AND THINGS!
TRIP!

SILLY OL' CLARENCE! WHAT A WAY TO GO DOWN-STAIRS!
HE ALWAYS WAS A BIT OF A SHOWOFF! — SNIGGER!
TUMBLE!
TUMBLE!
BONG!
BONG!
TUMBLE!
OOH! OW! EEK!

I'M AFRAID IT'LL BE A WEEK IN BED FOR YOU, CLARENCE — YOU'RE BRUISED ALL OVER!
DA-N
ACHE
HMM — BRUISED ALL OVER —


THEY'RE NOT LIKE ME! THEY JUST DON'T TAKE CARE!
CARETAKER
ZOOM-M
YAHOO! NOW WE CAN TELL TEACH WHAT IS WRONG WITH CLARENCE!
OUR GOOD DEED FOR THE DAY!
BEWARE! SCHOOL!

— THE BLOTS REPORTING, SIR. CLARENCE WILL BE OFF FOR THE REST OF THE WEEK.
IT STARTED OFF WITH A BLOCKED NOSE, BUT COMPLICATIONS SET IN AND HE FELL DOWNSTAIRS, AND —
TAP!
— AND NOW YOU KNOW, TEACH — THANKS TO US!

HERE COMES... DAREDEVIL in "THERE SHALL COME A GLADIATOR"

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

TO IMPRESS KAREN PAGE, FOGGY IS PRETENDING TO BE DAREDEVIL. HE HAS HIRED A COSTUME, AND ARRANGED A FAKE FIGHT WITH THE MANAGER OF THE COSTUME SHOP. THIS SINISTER CHARACTER HAS A PRIVATE SUPER-VILLAIN OUTFIT HE'S JUST LONGING TO TRY OUT ON SOMEONE—AS...

...THE GLADIATOR!

BUT THE SELF-STYLED GLADIATOR CANNOT KNOW THAT THE REAL DAREDEVIL IS ALSO TRAVELLING TO THE MEETING PLACE WITH FOGGY...

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1966

THEN, AN ICY, COMMANDING VOICE SLASHES THROUGH THE STILL NIGHT AIR...

YOU HAVE COME FAR ENOUGH, SNIVELLING COWARD...

FINALLY! I THOUGHT HE'D NEVER SHOW UP!

THOSE ARE THE WORDS OF A MASTER VILLAIN, IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN!

STAND BACK, KAREN! I'LL SEE THAT NO HARM COMES TO YOU!

FOGGY... BE CAREFUL! PLEASE BE CAREFUL!

IT'S WORKING! SHE'S GENUINELY CONCERNED ABOUT ME!

I CHALLENGE YOU! DO YOU DARE PIT YOUR STRENGTH AGAINST THAT OF... THE GLADIATOR?

BROTHER! HE'S LAYING IT ON THICK! I HOPE HE DOESN'T OVERACT TOO MUCH.

HE LOOKS SO MENACING! PERHAPS--IF WE RUN--WE CAN LOSE HIM IN THE FOG!

NO NEED FOR THAT!

... JUST STAY BEHIND THESE CRATES, OUT OF THE WAY!

HE MAY LOOK DANGEROUS TO YOU, BUT I'M USED TO HIS KIND!

HE DOESN'T SOUND MUCH LIKE DAREDEVIL! PERHAPS HE'S SELF-CONSCIOUS BECAUSE I SUSPECT HIS IDENTITY!

I'LL BE BACK IN A FEW MINUTES... DON'T MOVE!

I THINK I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND! FOGGY MUST HAVE HIRED AN ACTOR TO IMPERSONATE A VILLAIN SO HE COULD IMPRESS KAREN!

HE'S REALLY GETTING CARRIED AWAY WITH THIS DAREDEVIL ACT! PRETTY SOON, HE'LL BEGIN TO BELIEVE HE'S ME!

I SHOULD HAVE WORN A DIFFERENT SUIT... THIS ONE IS TOO TIGHT WITH THE COSTUME UNDERNEATH!

THERE'S NO POINT IN MY INTERFERING NOW! I'D ONLY ADD TO THE CONFUSION! FOGGY'S IN NO REAL DANGER--AND PERHAPS WHEN KAREN SEES HIM IN ACTION, SHE'LL SEE THROUGH HIS FOOLISH ACT!

MINUTES LATER...

MY PATIENCE IS AT AN END! EITHER SHOW YOURSELF, OR CONCEDE DEFEAT!

I'LL NEVER GO TO THAT COSTUME SHOP AGAIN! THIS DARNED MASK IS A HALF-SIZE TOO SMALL!

FOGGY SEEMS TO BE HAVING DIFFICULTIES! IF HE EVER IMPERSONATES ME IN PUBLIC, MY REPUTATION WILL BE SHOT!

WILL YOU FIGHT--OR WON'T YOU? I HAVEN'T GOT ALL NIGHT!

IF ONLY I COULD MAKE THE CHANGE FASTER!

I'M PROBABLY THE FIRST PERSON WHO'S EVER SEEN FOGGY BECOME DAREDEVIL!

SOMEHOW, I'M NOT AS DRAMATIC AS I'D IMAGINED!

ONE MORE PROBLEM TO SOLVE... WHERE DO I PUT MY CLOTHES? I PAID A LOT OF MONEY FOR THIS SUIT!

...AND I CAN'T AFFORD TO WRINKLE IT! NEXT TIME I STAGE A FIGHT, I'M GONNA MAKE SURE THERE'S AT LEAST A PHONE BOOTH NEARBY!

I SHALL WAIT NO LONGER! I'M COMING AFTER YOU!

THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY! PREPARE TO MEET YOUR DEFEAT, VILLAIN!

LET THE BATTLE BEGIN!

THE RAGE WITHIN ME.. IT IS GENUINE! I COULDN'T HATE THAT BUFFOON MORE IF HE WERE DAREDEVIL!

I'D BETTER WAVE THE BILLY-CLUB AROUND A LITTLE TO IMPRESS KAREN--!

BLAST IT! THE CLUB IS ONLY A PLASTIC DUMMY! NO WONDER THE COSTUME MAKER DIDN'T HAVE ANY CUSTOMERS, PALMING OFF SHODDY STUFF LIKE THIS!

WISH I'D CHECKED MY OUTFIT BEFORE I GOT HERE!

OKAY! HERE COMES THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

NOW THERE'S A REMARK WORTHY OF SPIDER-MAN! I WONDER IF I SOUND THAT CORNBALL!?

I CAN'T TAKE MUCH MORE OF THIS FARCE! IF IT WEREN'T FOR THE FACT THAT FOGGY LEFT KAREN UNPROTECTED WHILE HE'S PLAYING HIS LITTLE CHARADE, I'D LEAVE!

YOUR DOOM IS AT HAND!

HE'S REALLY A BIG GUY! I HOPE HE REMEMBERS TO PULL HIS PUNCHES!
I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER GET HERE, DAREDEVIL!
YOU'RE ABOUT TO WISH I DIDN'T, BY GOLLY!
I DON'T QUITE HAVE THE HANG OF THE REPARTEE! MAYBE IT'LL COME WITH PRACTICE!

SUDDENLY, THE ORIGINAL DAREDEVIL'S INCREDIBLE RADAR SENSE REACTS TO FOGGY'S DANGER...
SOMETHING'S WRONG! THE MAN'S EXCITED PULSE.. THOSE STEEL BLADES I SENSE ON HIS CLOTHING... HE'S NOT KIDDING!
GOT TO WARN FOGGY..!

BUT, BEFORE "DAREDEVIL" CAN MOVE, THE GLADIATOR LASHES OUT, AND....
HE SLIPPED!... MY BLOW ONLY GLANCED OFF HIS SKULL!
BUT EVEN HALF A BLOW WAS ENOUGH TO RENDER HIM UNCONSCIOUS!
I AM FRUSTRATED! I HAD HOPED HE'D FIGHT ENOUGH TO TEST MY POWERS! I WAS FOOLISH TO WASTE MY TIME WITH HIM!
THWONK!
OOOF!

SEEING "DAREDEVIL" SO EASILY BEATEN, KAREN GIVES IN TO AN OVERWHELMING PANIC AND DARTS FROM HER HIDING PLACE...
POOR FOGGY! I'VE GOT TO FIND HELP BEFORE HE'S KILLED!
WHO...? OF COURSE! THE FOOL SAID HE WANTED TO IMPRESS A GIRL!

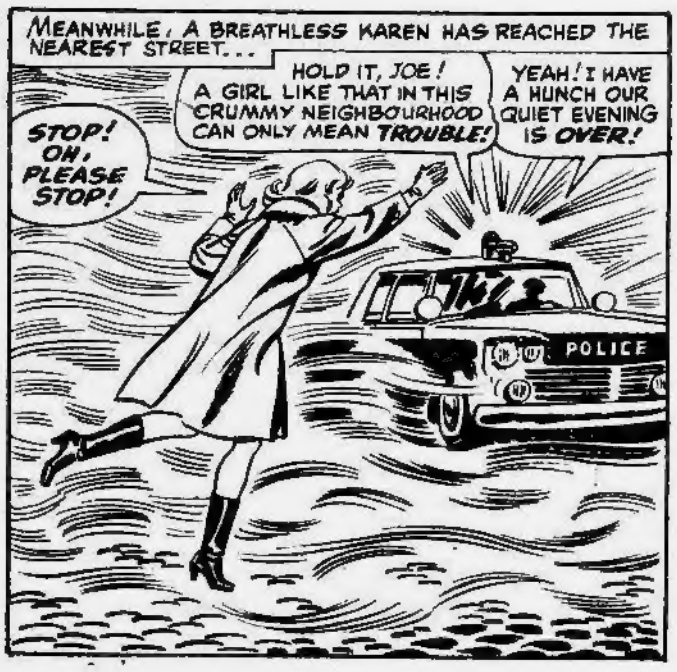
MY MISTAKE WAS ONLY PLAYING AT VILLAINY, AS THE FLABBY FOOL PLAYED AT HEROISM!
DESTINY WILL NOT BE CHEATED! I MUST EITHER COMMIT MYSELF TO A LIFE OUTSIDE SOCIETY, OR RESIGN MYSELF TO THE COSTUME SHOP!
WHEN I DONNED THIS OUTFIT, I BECAME THE GLADIATOR... I CAN NEVER AGAIN BE LESS!

HIS FATEFUL DECISION MADE, THE MADDENED GLADIATOR LEAPS AFTER THE RUNNING SILHOUETTE OF KAREN PAGE!
I SHALL USE THE GIRL TO TRAP DAREDEVIL AND THE OTHERS! ONCE THEY ARE DESTROYED, I SHALL STAND ALONE.. SUPREME, ABOVE THE COMMON, WEAK CREATURES WHO ARE HUMANITY
I SHALL BE ACCLAIMED BY ALL, AS THEIR MASTER!

BUT, HIS DELUDED DREAMS ARE UNCEREMONIOUSLY INTERRUPTED.
HOLD IT, CHUM! THE YOUNG LADY OBVIOUSLY DOESN'T WANT TO MEET YOU!
I SOUND AS SILLY AS FOGGY! FROM NOW ON, I'M THE OLD-FASHIONED STRONG, SILENT TYPE CRIME-FIGHTER!
UNGH!
BOBF!

ONE BLOW DIDN'T FINISH YOU! SO MUCH THE BETTER!
HE THINKS I'M FOGGY... WHICH IS FINE AND DANDY WITH ME, BECAUSE IT MAY MAKE HIM CARELESS! I SHOULD BE ABLE TO END THIS GAME WITHOUT MUCH TROUBLE!

ONE SOLID PUNCH OUGHT TO DO IT...
OOOFF!
MY TIMING WAS PERFECT! HE SWUNG DIRECTLY INTO MY WRIST SHIELD!
KLOING!
BUT THE BLOW WAS POWERFUL! HE IS FAR STRONGER THAN HE LOOKED!
HE IS STRONG ENOUGH TO BE THE REAL DAREDEVIL!


MEANWHILE, A BREATHLESS KAREN HAS REACHED THE NEAREST STREET...
HOLD IT, JOE! A GIRL LIKE THAT IN THIS CRUMMY NEIGHBOURHOOD CAN ONLY MEAN TROUBLE!
YEAH! I HAVE A HUNCH OUR QUIET EVENING IS OVER!
STOP! OH, PLEASE STOP!
POLICE

MOMENTS LATER, AFTER THE OVERWROUGHT GIRL BLURTS OUT HER EXCITED STORY...
YOU TAKE HER TO SOMEPLACE SAFE, MAC! I'LL GO SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING WITH THIS GUY FOGGY ...OR DAREDEVIL... OR WHOEVER HE IS!
PLEASE, TAKE ME TO THE OFFICE OF MATT MURDOCK!
I'LL BE ABLE TO MAKE MATT UNDERSTAND! HE'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO!
OKAY, CHUCK! I'LL RADIO FOR ANOTHER CAR TO HELP YOU!
POLICE

AND, BACK AT THE DOCKS, DAREDEVIL FINDS HIMSELF INVOLVED IN A FULL-FLEDGED, NO HOLDS BARRED FIGHT!
HE'S NOT FOOLING WITH THOSE WRIST BLADES... HE'S FIGHTING FOR REAL! BUT, WHY?
I'M CERTAIN I'VE NEVER MET HIM BEFORE!
YOU CAN'T KEEP DODGING ME FOREVER! AND THE MOMENT YOU SLIP, YOU SHALL HAVE THE HONOUR OF BEING MY FIRST VICTIM!
SCRRITTTCHHH!

I'D BETTER CONCENTRATE LESS ON WHO HE *IS* AND MORE ON HOW I CAN PUT HIM *OUT OF ACTION!*

OW! THAT WAS NO ORDINARY *MASK*... MY KICK PROBABLY HURT *ME* MORE THAN *HIM!*

STOOMP!

FOOL! WHY DO YOU *PROLONG* YOUR AGONY? YOU'VE NO CHANCE AGAINST THE GLADIATOR!

JUDGING FROM HIS STRENGTH, AND HIS CHOICE OF WORDS, I'D SAY I HAVE A BONA-FIDE *LUNATIC* ON MY HANDS!

HE'S CLUMSY... BUT HE HAS INCREDIBLE *POWER!* THIS IS TURNING OUT TO BE ONE OF THE TOUGHEST FIGHTS OF MY CAREER!

YOU *WEAKEN!* I CAN *FEEL* YOU WEAKENING!

THEN, THE STRUGGLING PAIR STUMBLE OFF THE PIER...

HE *DELIBERATELY* FORCED ME INTO THE BAY! WHAT CAN HE HOPE TO *GAIN* BY FIGHTING *UNDERWATER?*

I'VE ACTIVATED MY *OXYGEN REGENERATOR!* NOW, ALL I HAVE TO DO IS KEEP HIM *SUBMERGED!*

LONG SECONDS PASS... BECOMING AGONIZED MINUTES... AS DAREDEVIL, LOCKED IN THE GLADIATOR'S RELENTLESS GRIP, SINKS EVER FURTHER INTO THE MURKY WATER...

NOT EVEN *NAMOR* KEPT ME UNDER THIS LONG*... LUNGS ARE BURSTING... CAN'T STAY CONSCIOUS MUCH LONGER...

HE HAS INCREDIBLE STAMINA, BUT HIS GRIP IS SLACKENING... ANOTHER FEW MOMENTS AND I SHALL *WIN!*

*FOR ALL WHO DON'T REMEMBER, DD'S SEA-SHAKING STRUGGLE WITH THE SUB-MARINER, IT WAS IN **SMASH** 91-2-3, RIGHT? RIGHT!... YOU KNOW WHO!

WHILE, ON THE PIER ABOVE, SEVERAL PUZZLED POLICEMEN CONDUCT AN INVESTIGATION, UNAWARE OF THE MORTAL CONTEST OCCURRING IN THE WATER, JUST A FEW YARDS AWAY... OR OF THE STILL, COSTUMED FORM OF FOGGY NELSON, LYING JUST OUT OF SIGHT!

IF DAREDEVIL *WAS* HERE, HE'S CUT OUT!

IF YOU ASK ME, THE GIRL YOU TALKED TO WAS HAVING *HALLUCINATIONS!*

WE'D BETTER STICK AROUND ANYWAY, JUST IN CASE SOMETHING DEVELOPS!

AT THAT PRECISE MOMENT, KAREN ARRIVES AT A FAMILIAR OFFICE-BUILDING...

YOU'RE SURE YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT, MISS?

YES, THANKS! GOOD-NIGHT!

MATT MENTIONED HE MIGHT WORK LATE TONIGHT... I'VE JUST *GOT* TO TALK TO HIM!

I'M SO *CONFUSED!* I DON'T KNOW WHETHER OR NOT I CAN BELIEVE MY OWN *EYES* ANYMORE!

AFTER A BRIEF ELEVATOR RIDE TO AN UPPER FLOOR, KAREN USES HER KEY TO OPEN THE DOOR OF THE *MURDOCK* AND *NELSON* RECEPTION ROOM...

MATT? ARE YOU HERE??

THERE'S NO LIGHT ON IN HIS OFFICE! HE MUST HAVE ALREADY *LEFT!*

PERHAPS I CAN CALL HIS *APARTMENT!*

OH, MISS PAGE! MAY I SEE YOU FOR A MOMENT?

FORGIVE MY INTRUDING! I'M MR. DUNN, THE *BUILDING MANAGER!* WHEN I SAW YOU COME IN, I THOUGHT THERE MIGHT BE SOMETHING *WRONG!* IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN *DO?*

NO... NO, THANK YOU! I THOUGHT MATT MURDOCK MIGHT BE WORKING LATE!

NO, I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM ALL EVENING!

WHILE YOU'RE HERE, I THOUGHT WE MIGHT DISCUSS THE *RENT!* THE RECORDS SHOW YOU'VE PAID IT LATE SEVERAL TIMES... NOW, I DON'T WANT TO *PRESS YOU*, BUT...

IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'D RATHER POSTPONE THIS DISCUSSION UNTIL THE MORNING...! I'M NOT FEELING VERY WELL...

SUDDENLY, KAREN IS OVERCOME BY WORRY AND EXHAUSTION...

MISS PAGE! LET ME CALL A *DOCTOR* FOR YOU!

NO, I'LL BE FINE! JUST LET ME *REST* A MOMENT...!

NELSON

MEANWHILE, IN THE CHILL WATER OF THE BAY, DAREDEVIL RESORTS TO ONE DESPERATE, FINAL MANOEUVRE...

GGGLURING

GOT TO... MAKE THIS ONE... LOOK REALLY GOOD...!

WATER RESISTANCE SLOWED MY PUNCH... HE HAD PLENTY OF TIME TO BLOCK IT...!

NOW TO GO *LIMP*... AND HOPE I CAN *FOOL* HIM!

HE *CAN'T* LAST MUCH LONGER! THAT BLOW WAS FEEBLE... I BARELY FELT IT!

THEN, THE POWERFUL MUSCLES RELAX, AND THE CRIMSON-CLAD BODY SLIPS SLOWLY AWAY...
AT LAST! HE'S FINISHED! I'VE WON! THE GLADIATOR HAS WON!

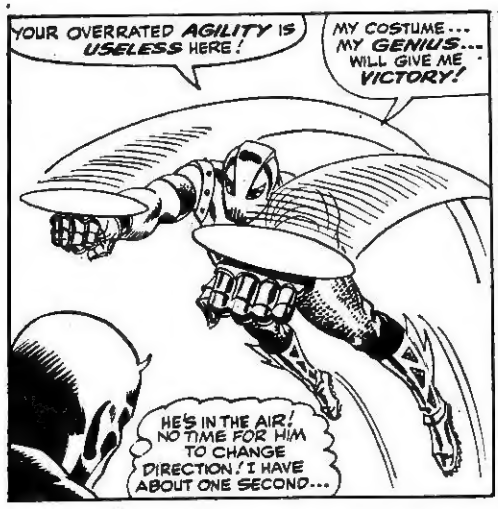
A FEW SECONDS LATER...
AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, YEARS OF CRINGING AND BOWING BEFORE THE WEAKLINGS WHO PATRONIZED MY SHOP, I FINALLY TASTE TRIUMPH!
BUT, I SHALL NEVER UNDERSTAND HOW THAT FLABBY FOOL PUT UP SUCH A BATTLE!

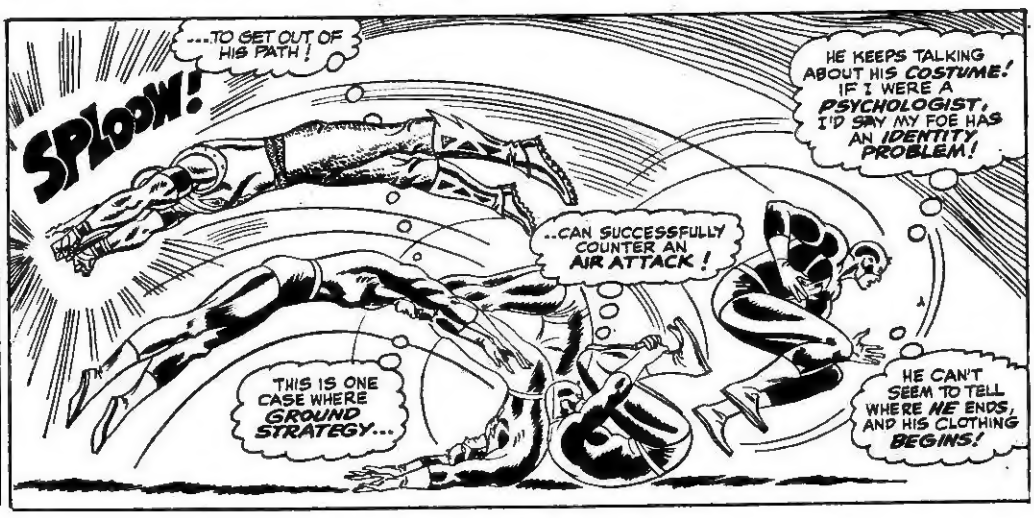
THE GIRL HAS FLED, BUT NO MATTER! SHE WAS MERELY A PAWN! THERE ARE OTHER, BETTER MEANS OF PROCLAIMING MYSELF TO THE WORLD!
I CAN THANK NAMOR FOR MY SURVIVAL! AFTER HE DEFEATED ME, I REALIZED HOW HELPLESS I WAS UNDER WATER!
FOR MONTHS, I'VE PRACTICED YOGA BREATHING TECHNIQUES!
AND TONIGHT, WHAT I'VE LEARNED ABOUT CONSERVING BODY OXYGEN PAID OFF!

NEXT TIME YOU WANT TO GO SKIN DIVING WITH ME, FRIEND, LET ME HAVE ONE OF THOSE BREATHING MASKS, TOO!
YOU DIDN'T PLAY FAIR AT ALL!
THERE I GO AGAIN, SOUNDING LIKE FOGGY!
BLAK!
YOU IDIOT! HAVE YOU NOT LEARNED THAT YOUR PUNY FISTS ARE NOTHING AGAINST THE COSTUME OF THE GLADIATOR?

YOU WILL REGRET NOT PERISHING IN THE BAY! YOUR DEATH THERE WOULD HAVE BEEN EASY... PAINLESS!
NICE OF YOU TO BE SO CONCERNED!
MY REFLEXES ARE OFF.. I MUST STILL BE GROGGY! HE NEARLY NAILED ME THAT TIME!
WHIRRR
LUKK!

I'D BETTER START BEARING DOWN!
HIS PULSE RATE HAS INCREASED... HE MUST BE GETTING READY TO LEAP!
NOW...! YOU HAVE NO PLACE LEFT TO RUN! YOUR LAST AVENUE OF ESCAPE IS CLOSED!


YOUR OVERRATED AGILITY IS USELESS HERE!
MY COSTUME... MY GENIUS... WILL GIVE ME VICTORY!
HE'S IN THE AIR! NO TIME FOR HIM TO CHANGE DIRECTION! I HAVE ABOUT ONE SECOND...


...TO GET OUT OF HIS PATH!
SPLOOW!
HE KEEPS TALKING ABOUT HIS COSTUME! IF I WERE A PSYCHOLOGIST, I'D SAY MY FOE HAS AN IDENTITY PROBLEM!
..CAN SUCCESSFULLY COUNTER AN AIR ATTACK!
THIS IS ONE CASE WHERE GROUND STRATEGY...
HE CAN'T SEEM TO TELL WHERE ME ENDS, AND HIS CLOTHING BEGINS!

HIS BREATHING IS ERRATIC...HE'S DAZED! AND I JUST FELT A SPOT RIGHT BENEATH HIS JAW THAT'S NOT COVERED BY HIS MASK!

WHICH IS MY CUE TO END THIS LITTLE SQUARE DANCE!
HE SHOULD BE OUT LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO FIND FOGGY... AND PERHAPS FIND OUT WHO AND WHY I'VE BEEN BATTLING!
CHUPP!
UNNN..!

POLICE! KAREN MUST HAVE GOT TO SAFETY AND CALLED THEM!
THEY'LL PROBABLY ASK A LOT OF EMBARRASSING QUESTIONS.. QUESTIONS THAT I CAN'T ANSWER!
OVER THERE! I CAN SEE A PATCH OF RED THROUGH THE HAZE!

BABY SMASHER AND Baby Whamster

HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—IF HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

RONNIE RICH

BRIAN'S BRAIN

BRIAN KINGSLEY IS THE POSSESSOR OF A WONDERFUL ARTIFICIAL BRAIN AND HIS SECRET IS SHARED BY HIS FRIEND DUFFY ROLLS. THE BOYS HAVE FOUND THAT AN EASY WAY FOR THE BRAIN TO APPEAR IN PUBLIC IS FOR THEM TO DRESS IT AS AN OLD MAN IN A WHEELCHAIR.

DRESSED LIKE THIS THE BRAIN WILL BE ABLE TO COME WITH US TO THE HEATH WHILE WE PRACTISE FOOTBALL.

PUSHING THE BRAIN IN THE WHEELCHAIR THE TWO BOYS MAKE THEIR WAY TO SCARSDALE HEATH.

I NEED PLENTY OF FOOTBALL PRACTICE NOW THAT I'M PLAYING IN THE MATCH AGAINST RED HOUSE ON SATURDAY.

YOU CERTAINLY DO, BRIAN! THE ONLY REASON YOU'VE BEEN PICKED IS THAT BOBBY CHAMBERS IS ILL. AND YOU'LL HAVE THAT SHOW-OFF GERALD FULLER PLAYING AGAINST YOU.

SCARSDALE HEATH

ON THE EDGE OF THE HEATH THEY PASS THE HIGH WALL WHICH SURROUNDS ANCIENT SCARSDALE ABBEY. BOTH BOYS REMEMBER THE LEGEND OF THE GHOSTLY MONK WHICH IS REPUTED TO HAUNT THE ABBEY.

KEEP WELL AWAY FROM THE ABBEY WALL, BRIAN. WE DON'T WANT THE BALL GOING OVER IT.

ALL RIGHT, DUFFY. BUT SURELY YOU DON'T BELIEVE ALL THAT NONSENSE ABOUT THE ABBEY BEING HAUNTED!

WATCHED BY THE BRAIN, THE BOYS BEGIN THEIR FOOTBALL PRACTICE.

OH, MISSED!

YOU'LL HAVE TO DO BETTER THAN THAT, BRIAN.

THE BRAIN BEGINS TO GLOW AS IT COMMUNICATES WITH BRIAN.

YOU MUST KICK WITH THE INSTEP OF YOUR FOOT, NOT WITH THE TOE OF YOUR BOOT, BRIAN.

THANKS, BRAIN. I WANT YOU TO TELL ME WHERE I GO WRONG. THAT WAY I MAY BE ABLE TO IMPROVE MY GAME.

AS BRIAN IS ABOUT TO TAKE ANOTHER SHOT GERALD FULLER APPEARS.

YOU CAN'T KICK FOR TOFFEE, KINGSLEY!

IT'S THAT SHOW-OFF, GERALD FULLER!

FULLER TAKES A MIGHTY KICK AT THE BALL!

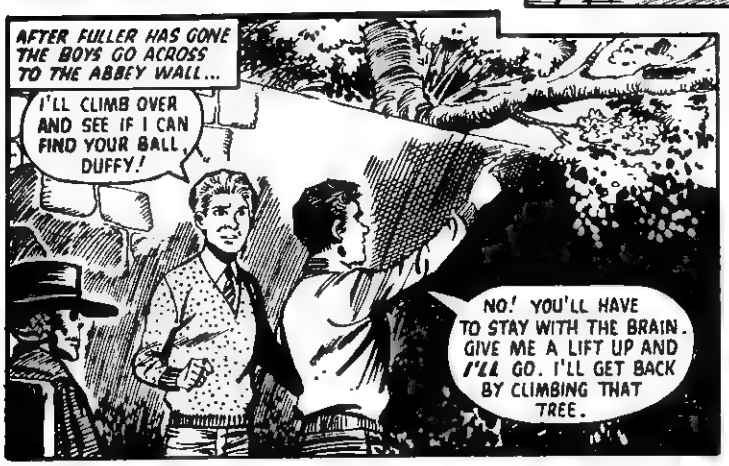
THIS IS THE WAY TO DO IT!

THE BALL IS GOING OVER THE ABBEY WALL!

THE BALL VANISHES FROM SIGHT IN THE ABBEY GROUNDS...
NOW LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE! YOU KNOW THE OLD LEGEND. IF ANYONE INTRUDES UPON THE PRIVACY OF THE ABBEY THE GHOST IS LIKELY TO APPEAR!
PAH! I DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS!

LISTEN TO ME YOU SILLY OLD GHOST! I DARE YOU TO APPEAR! I DARE YOU TO HARM ME!
FULLER! DON'T!

YOU'RE A LOUD-MOUTHED BULLY, FULLER!
WAIT TILL THE MATCH TOMORROW! YOU'LL BE SORRY YOU SAID THAT!


AFTER FULLER HAS GONE THE BOYS GO ACROSS TO THE ABBEY WALL...
I'LL CLIMB OVER AND SEE IF I CAN FIND YOUR BALL, DUFFY!
NO! YOU'LL HAVE TO STAY WITH THE BRAIN. GIVE ME A LIFT UP AND I'LL GO. I'LL GET BACK BY CLIMBING THAT TREE.

TRYING TO FORGET HIS FEARS OF THE GHOST, DUFFY SCRAMBLES TO THE TOP OF THE WALL...

HE DROPS DOWN INTO THE ABBEY GROUNDS...
BRR! IT'S A BIT CREEPY! BUT THERE CAN'T REALLY BE A GHOST HERE!
AH! THERE'S THE BALL!

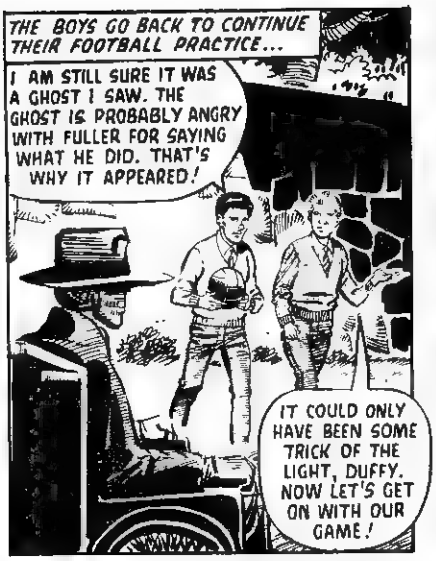
HERE IT COMES, BRIAN!

DUFFY TAKES ONE LAST LOOK ROUND AND THEN HIS HEART SKIPS A BEAT!
AAAGH!

IN THE SHADOWS OF THE TREES IS A GHOSTLY FIGURE THAT GLOWS WITH AN UNEARTHLY LIGHT!
IT-IT'S THE GHOST! THE MONK OF SCARSDALE ABBEY!

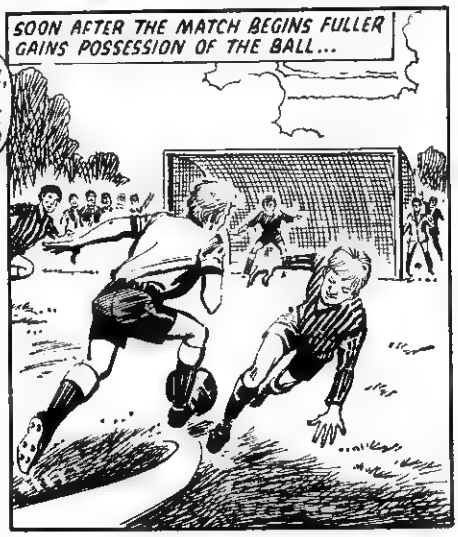
TERROR LENDS SPEED AND STRENGTH TO DUFFY AS HE SCRAMBLES BACK TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL!
H-HELP!

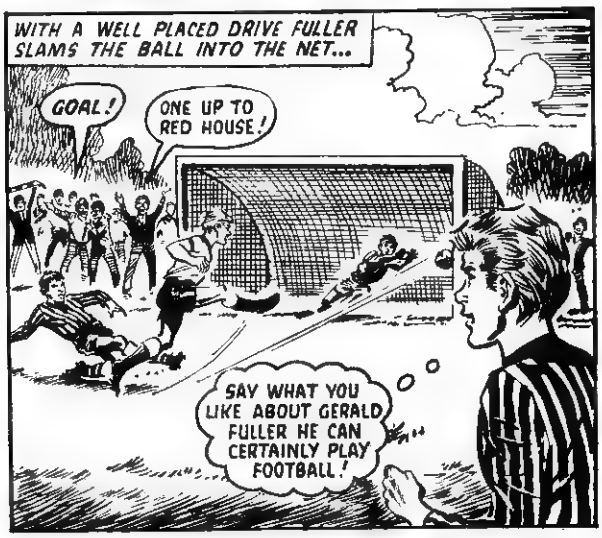
BRIAN IS STARTLED BY DUFFY'S PALE FACE...
WHAT'S THE MATTER, DUFFY?
I SAW THE GHOST! THE GHOST OF THE MONK!
NO, DUFFY! YOU MUST HAVE BEEN MISTAKEN!


THE BOYS GO BACK TO CONTINUE THEIR FOOTBALL PRACTICE...
I AM STILL SURE IT WAS A GHOST I SAW. THE GHOST IS PROBABLY ANGRY WITH FULLER FOR SAYING WHAT HE DID. THAT'S WHY IT APPEARED!
IT COULD ONLY HAVE BEEN SOME TRICK OF THE LIGHT, DUFFY. NOW LET'S GET ON WITH OUR GAME!

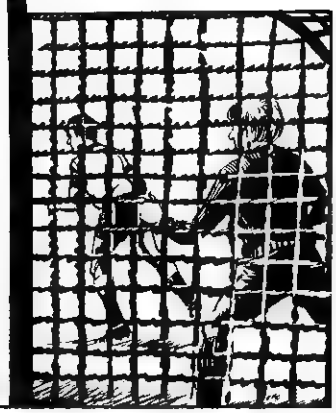
THE FOLLOWING MORNING IS THE DAY OF THE FOOTBALL MATCH. BRIAN TAKES THE BRAIN WITH HIM INSIDE A BOX WHICH HE HANDS TO DUFFY FOR SAFE-KEEPING...
TAKE GREAT CARE OF THE BOX UNTIL THE MATCH IS OVER, DUFFY!
DON'T WORRY, BRIAN, IT WILL BE SAFE WITH ME!

AS BRIAN WALKS ONTO THE FIELD FULLER COMES ALONGSIDE HIM...
DON'T FORGET WHAT I SAID YESTERDAY, KINGSLEY. YOU'RE IN FOR A ROUGH TIME IN THIS MATCH!
YOU MAY BE A GOOD FOOTBALLER, FULLER, BUT I STILL SAY YOU'RE A SHOW-OFF AND A BULLY!


SOON AFTER THE MATCH BEGINS FULLER GAINS POSSESSION OF THE BALL...


WITH A WELL PLACED DRIVE FULLER SLAMS THE BALL INTO THE NET...
GOAL!
ONE UP TO RED HOUSE!
SAY WHAT YOU LIKE ABOUT GERALD FULLER HE CAN CERTAINLY PLAY FOOTBALL!

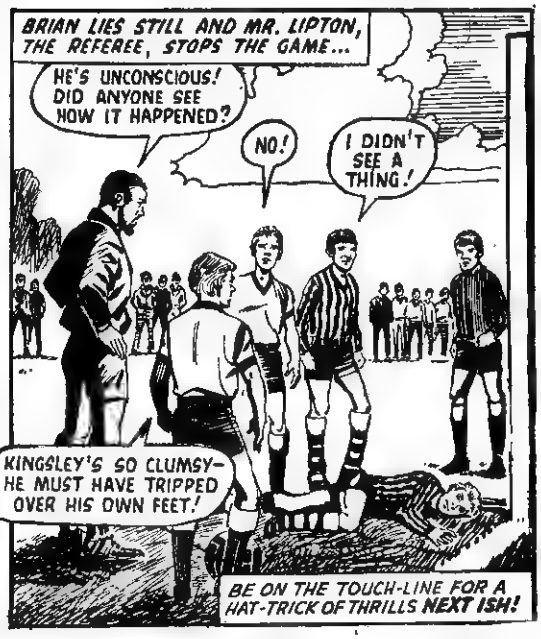
TEN MINUTES LATER FULLER SCORES AGAIN. THEN BRIAN GETS THE BALL...



BRIAN IS TACKLED BY FULLER WHO NEATLY TAKES THE BALL FROM HIM...
YOU'RE TOO SLOW, KINGSLEY!

FULLER STICKS OUT A LEG AND DELIBERATELY TRIPS UP BRIAN...

BRIAN FALLS FORWARD HELPLESSLY AND HIS HEAD BANGS HARD AGAINST THE GOAL POST...


BRIAN LIES STILL AND MR. LIPTON, THE REFEREE, STOPS THE GAME...
HE'S UNCONSCIOUS! DID ANYONE SEE HOW IT HAPPENED?
NO!
I DIDN'T SEE A THING!
KINGSLEY'S SO CLUMSY— HE MUST HAVE TRIPPED OVER HIS OWN FEET!
BE ON THE TOUCH-LINE FOR A HAT-TRICK OF THRILLS NEXT ISH!

news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE
LONDON W.C.2.

IT'S HERE! THIS IS IT! IT'S POWER WEEK! All right, so you didn't know! We don't blame you, tigers! Because we've only just decided to MAKE IT SO! How do YOU take part? Because it was HIS idea, we asked our wise old feller! This week, he said, try to find a friend who HASN'T read Power. Try hard not to let him see you're sorry for him . . . and show him your copy of Power. Show him what he's been missing! Persuade him to buy Power from here on. And, Brother, you've DONE IT! You've spread the word! You've lighted a POWER-less darkness! And you'll have proved our wise old feller is as smart as he thinks he is!

AND IT'S A *GREAT* WEEK FOR GETTING TO KNOW POWER! In FANTASTIC there's a sensational new story starring THE AVENGERS, with GOLIATH playing a more than major role . . . and the sinister SERPENTS making their debut. THOR mixes it with that Greek immortal HERCULES to make just about one of the most ACTION-filled sagas in comic history. THE X-MEN enter their final furious round against JUGGERNAUT, and that Mystic Magic Master DOCTOR STRANGE meets the monumentally mind-boggling menace of "THE LIVING TRIBUNAL." In POW, SPIDEY'S battle with THE GREEN GOBLIN and THE CRIME-MASTER reaches new heights of incredible derring-do! . . . and THE FANTASTIC FOUR do just as likewise when pitched against THE INVINCIBLE MAN.

In the SMASH corral, we find that DAREDEVIL has more than his hands full with battling THE GLADIATOR . . . for his friend FOGGY NELSON lands *himself* in a mess of super-hero trouble. And who has to get FOGGY *out* of it . . . that's right, you guessed it!

And, as all you true followers know, there's much more, more, more (just like there is EVERY week) in the POWER PACK's titanic trio. No new reader could ever *have* it SO GOOD!

AND WHAT ARE WE GARRETEERS DOING THIS PROUD POWER WEEK? . . . apart from producing papers. Well, if we had TIME to have as many friends as *you* have, we'd be telling them about Power, too! But we're doing more than that! Our wise old feller said, "Why not take a tip from our Marvel cousins? They give away real died-in-the-wool NO PRIZES for superlative services rendered!"

So we've had our JOLLY J. J. JACKSON art up some GENUINE NON-REPRESENTATIONAL *ABSTRACTS!* . . . specially for you. They're modern, trendy, GUARANTEED to be *impossible* to dislike. Because these special garret-hashed TOTAL ABSTRACTS have *no frames* there's no WEIGHT or DUST problems. Having no PICTURE inside the no-frames, these NON-REPRESENTATIONAL MASTERPIECES will not clash with any wallpaper, colour scheme or furniture! If you don't like its non-design then all you have to do is THINK UP ANOTHER ONE! They're the greatest thing since the word NOTHING was invented. And we're going to send one (specially wrapped in lighter-than-air invisible wrappings) to EVERY POWER-HOUSER WHO BRINGS A NEW FRIEND INTO THE BROTHERHOOD . . . THIS WEEK . . . THIS *POWER* WEEK! And *howzat* for generosity.

MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE . . .

Phil Clarke, Selly Oak, Birmingham 29; Peter Evans, Eastham, Wirral, Cheshire; John Creese, Gloucester, Glos.; Mike Cobden, Northfield, Birmingham; Ian Hodgson, Darlington, Co. Durham; Paul Turnell, Leamington Spa, Warwicks.; Patricia Stanley, Bolton, Lancs.; Carl Brooke, Shirley, Birmingham; Richard Nixon, Kenton, Harrow, Middx.; Michael Penman, North Wembley, Middx.; Christopher Bunbury, Moss Side, Manchester 14; Martin Brown, Norton Green, Stoke-on-Trent; Kay Hawkins, Stirchley, Birmingham; John Birch, Stalybridge, Cheshire; Robin Morris, Hertford, Herts.; Dave McCulloch, Stockport, Cheshire; Jeffrey Robinson, Newton-le-Willows, Lancs.; Ken Simpson, Darlington, Co. Durham; Paul Neary, Northbourne, Bournemouth; Phil Arkell, Rednal, Birmingham.

SMASH -CHAT!

Have you got anything to say? Chat it over with Alf and Cos. YOU could win a £1!

Dear Alf and Cos,

I'm nearly tearing my hair out! Why?—you may well ask. Reason: I like a bit of fun and my favourite features in SMASH are Bad Penny and the Swots and the Blots, yet why? why? WHY? do Penny and the Blots always get the worst of things? They never seem to win. Couldn't you do something Feendish and let them come out tops?

I am a fanatic fan of SMASH and read it a lot. Most of all I like the cartoony-type characters, but I think Daredevil and Brian's Brain are good, too. A tip, though—scrap Rubberman.

Anyway, keep up the good work. You're certainly leading the comic field.

Eddie Whitehall,
Teignmouth, S. Devon.

Scrap Rubberman? You want to get us lynched? About Penny and the Blots—the Blots don't come too badly out of this week's frantic foray—but you know how it is—Crime Doesn't Pay—not even in the comic world!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

In SMASH Issue 110, though Tuffy McGrew is meant to be the strongest boy in the world, he ran away from Billy! Why?

Christopher Myers,
Bolton, Lancs.

Well, we figure it's like this, Christopher. Tuffy never looks for trouble; he doesn't enjoy clobbering people (not like some of our other characters we could mention!). He gets into so much hot water just because he doesn't know his own strength, and if you think about it, you'll see it's usually things rather than people that he leans on! Powerful but peaceable, that's our Tuffy!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

In SMASH 112, Caesar sends a tiger into the arena after Mini Maxie. Well, the Romans did not use tigers but lions. In spite of this SMASH is still the greatest. Long live King Cos!

P. Vincent,
Pelsall, Staffs.

His Majesty—blushing slightly!—says that after all, a lot goes on in the Mini-Maxie stories that would shake Ancient Rome rigid. You're probably dead right about the tiger, tiger . . . (joke!) . . . but after all—a tiger, a lion—what's the diff? Let's not fall out over a few stripes! They're all just super-moggies, anyway. Right?

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I have just read News from the Floor of 64 in Ish 112 and learned about the comic fans' convention in Birmingham. I asked my mum if we could go to it but she said it was too far. Please, please see if you could get the organisers to move it from town to town so that other frantic ones could see what it's like. How about picking a town in each county?

Terry Durney,
Leyland, Lancs.

It's like this, Terry. The convention (now definitely scheduled for August) is being held in Birmingham because there exists a nucleus of keen comic fans in that area who are in contact with our own Steve Moore at the London end. All of them are dedicated amateurs and it takes a heck of a lot of hard work, cash, and organising to bring off one convention now and again—let alone move it around! But the more comic fans there are, the more interest in comics generally, the greater the chance of getting other conventions organised. Incidentally, the registration fee for this one is 17s. 6d., and there would be the additional expense of hotel accommodation to bear in mind. But if any fans live in or near Birmingham anyway and would like further info—write to Phil Clarke, 9 Almond Close, Selly Oak, Birmingham 29. Please enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply.

Alf and Cos.

DON'T FORGET THE COUPON!

My favourite feature in Smash is

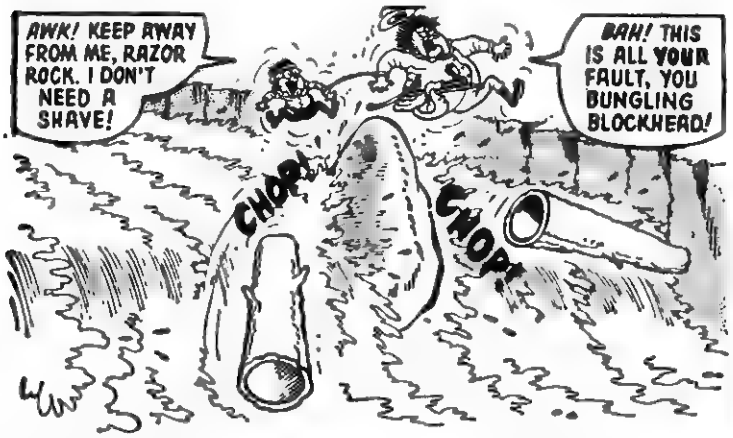
.....

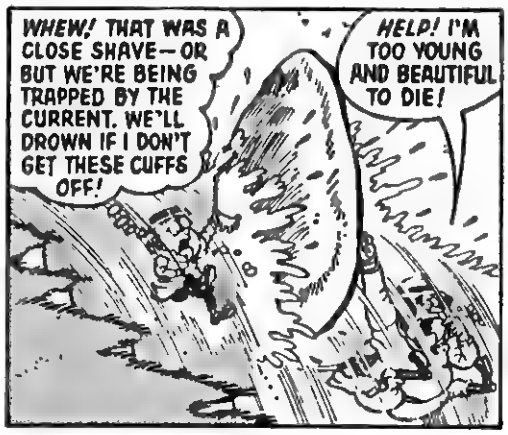
My second favourite feature in Smash is .....

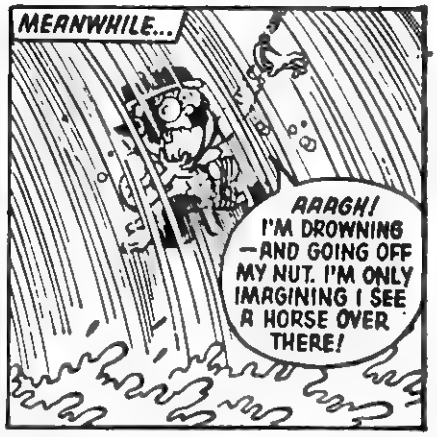
Send the coupon with your letters to: Alf and Cos, SMASH, 64 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

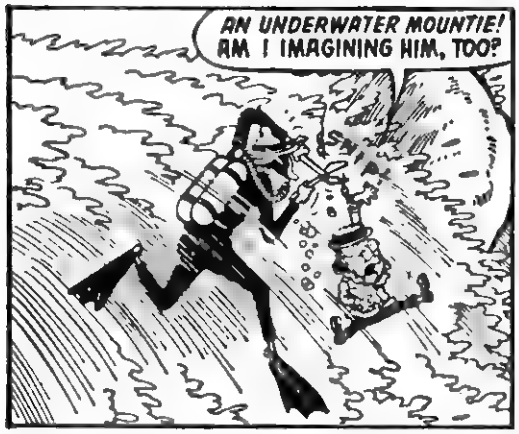
THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

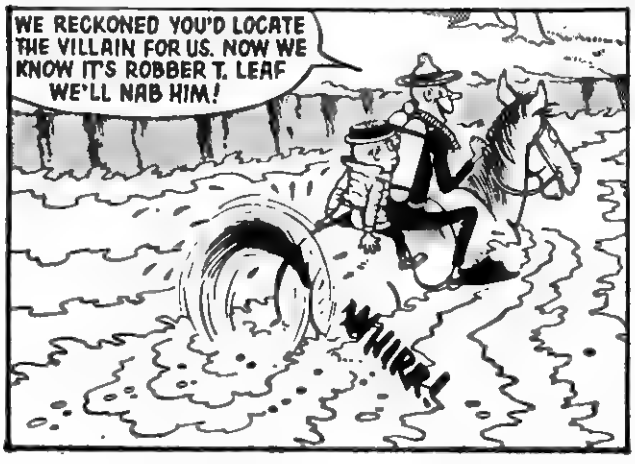
LAST WEEK, LARRY CAPTURED ROBBER T. LEAF—THE GREAT CANADIAN TREE-PINCHER—ON A LOG HEADING FOR A RAZOR EDGED ROCK AT THE BRINK OF A CATARACT! GOSH! LOOK WHAT IT'S DONE TO THEIR LOG!—



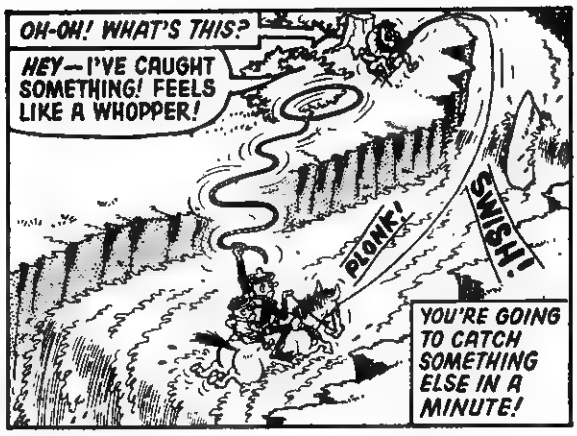








WE'LL BE ALL RIGHT IF I CAN LASSO SOMETHING SOLID!
WHOOSH!
THIS IS NO TIME TO SHOW OFF! STOP TWIDDLING YOUR ROPE AND THROW IT!


OH-OH! WHAT'S THIS?
HEY—I'VE CAUGHT SOMETHING! FEELS LIKE A WHOPPER!
PLONK!
SWISH!
YOU'RE GOING TO CATCH SOMETHING ELSE IN A MINUTE!

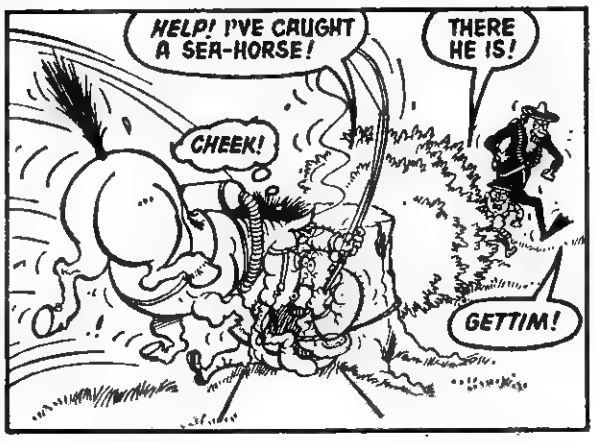
HEY—I'VE BEEN LASSOED! WELL, IT WON'T STOP ME CATCHING THIS FISH!

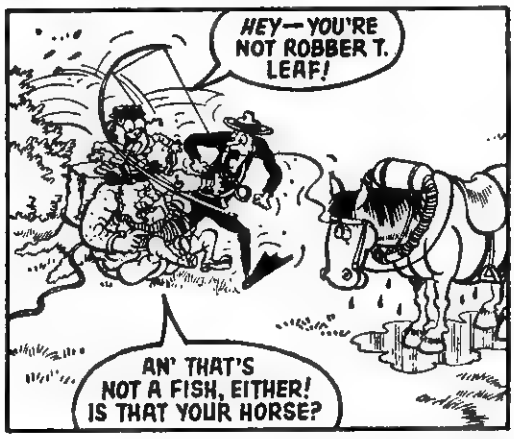
IT'S CAUGHT! COME ON! WE'LL PULL OURSELVES ASHORE!
GRUNT!

MEANWHILE...
TUG!
HEAVE! I CAN FEEL HIM COMING!

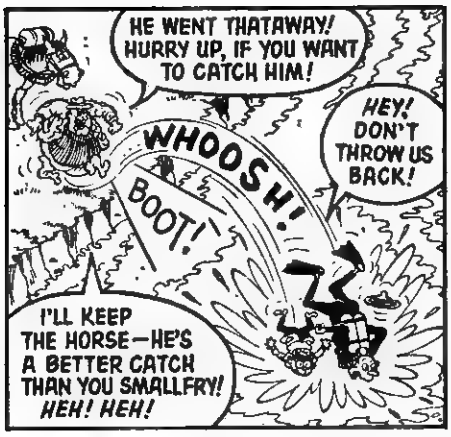
HEY! THERE GOES YOUR HORSE!
SPLOSH!
THE DIRTY RAT—LEAVING US TO SINK OR SWIM!

HA, HA! I'VE GOT YOU THIS TIME!
WHO'S THAT? ROBBER T. LEAF?
COME ON!


HELP! I'VE CAUGHT A SEA-HORSE!
THERE HE IS!
CHEEK!
GETTIM!


HEY—YOU'RE NOT ROBBER T. LEAF!
AN' THAT'S NOT A FISH, EITHER! IS THAT YOUR HORSE?

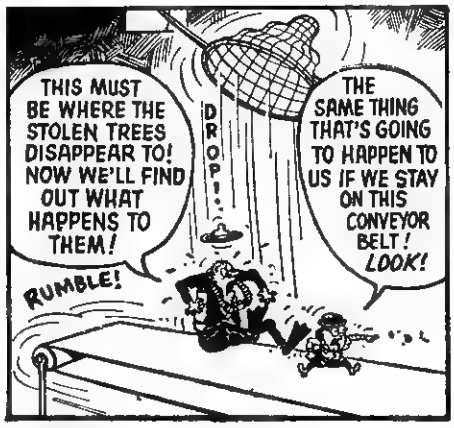
ER—SORRY—WE THOUGHT YOU WERE SOMEONE ELSE!
BAH! YOU NITS! HE FLOATED PAST FIVE MINUTES AGO!
SICK!
WHICH WAY DID HE GO?

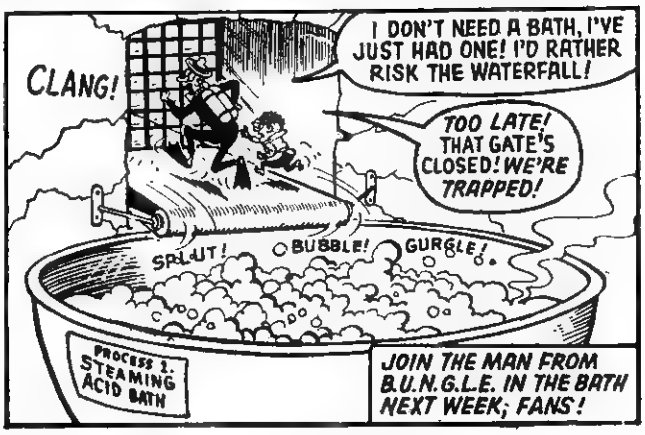

HE WENT THATAWAY! HURRY UP, IF YOU WANT TO CATCH HIM!
HEY! DON'T THROW US BACK!
WHOOSH!
BOOT!
I'LL KEEP THE HORSE—HE'S A BETTER CATCH THAN YOU SMALLFRY! HEH! HEH!

GLUB! WE'LL BE SMASHED TO SMITHEREENS!
GRAAGH!

HEY! WE'VE LANDED IN A NET!

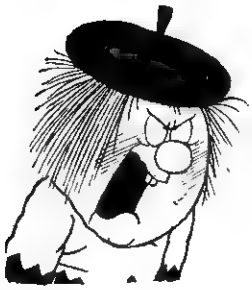
LOOK—WE'RE GOING INTO A CAVE!
CLANK!
WHIRR!

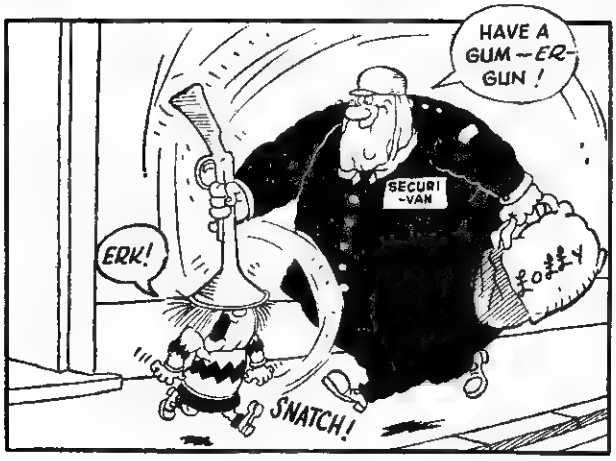

THIS MUST BE WHERE THE STOLEN TREES DISAPPEAR TO! NOW WE'LL FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENS TO THEM!
DROP!
THE SAME THING THAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO US IF WE STAY ON THIS CONVEYOR BELT! LOOK!
RUMBLE!

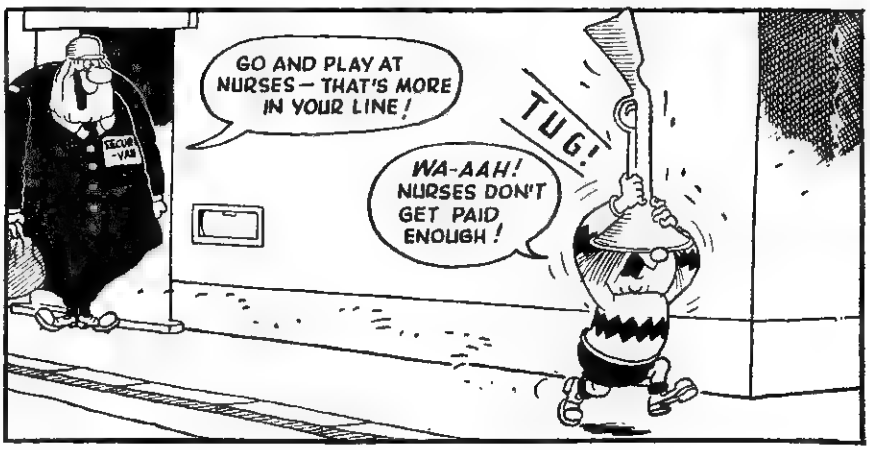

CLANG!
I DON'T NEED A BATH, I'VE JUST HAD ONE! I'D RATHER RISK THE WATERFALL!
TOO LATE! THAT GATE'S CLOSED! WE'RE TRAPPED!
SPLUT!
BUBBLE!
GURGLE!
PROCESS 1. STEAMING ACID BATH
JOIN THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E. IN THE BATH NEXT WEEK; FANS!

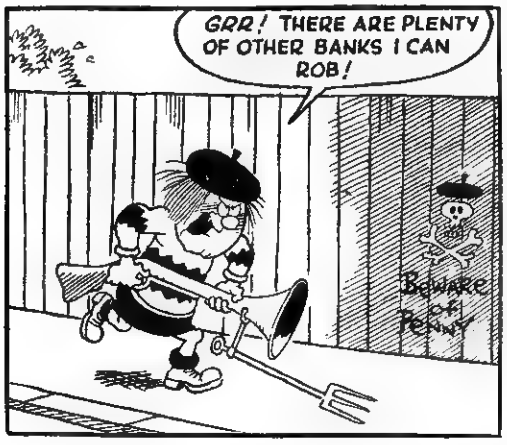
BAD PENNY

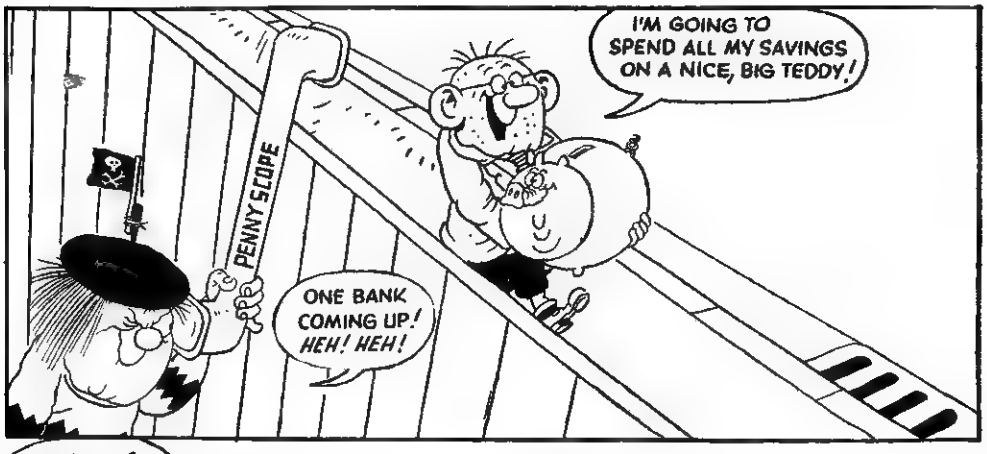
ONE PENNY 1968

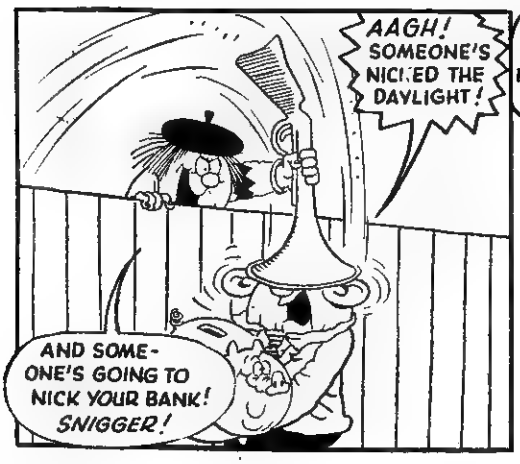


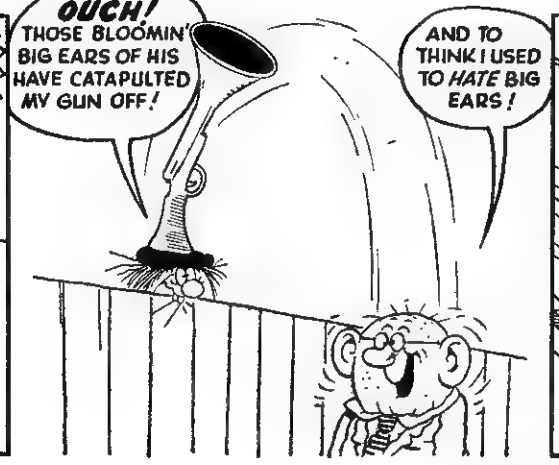


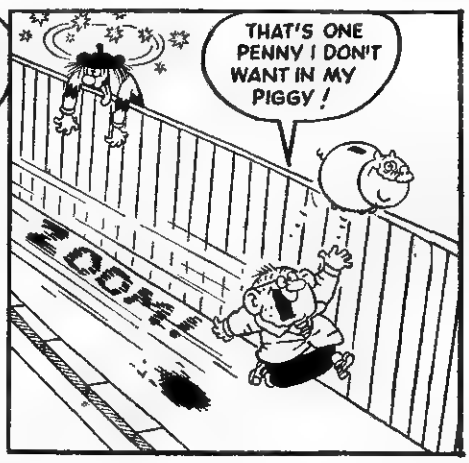


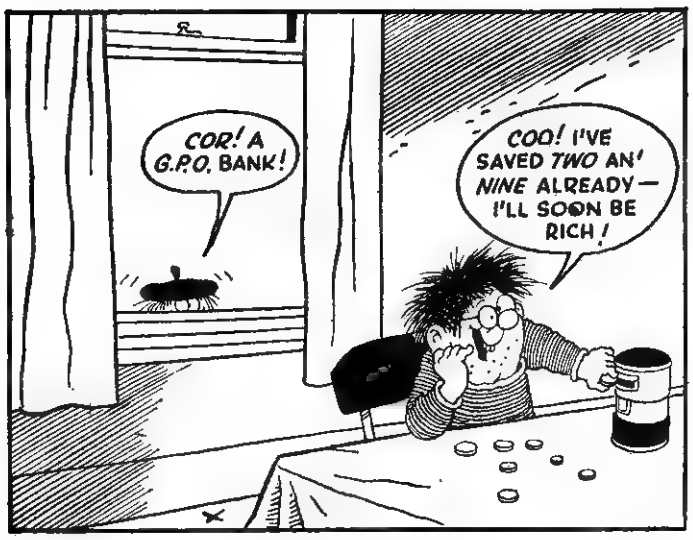


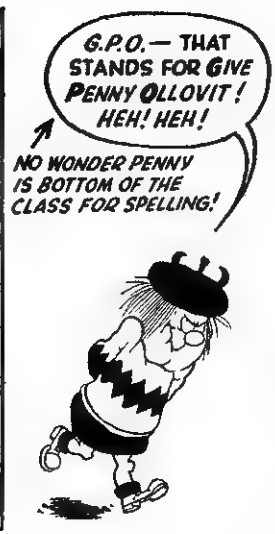


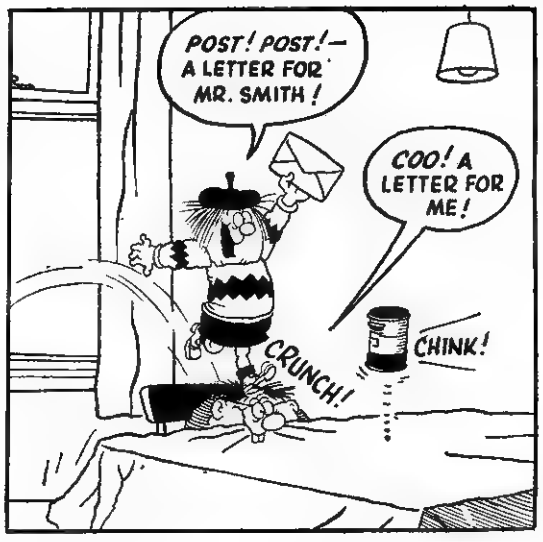







COR! A G.P.O. BANK!
COO! I'VE SAVED TWO AN' NINE ALREADY — I'LL SOON BE RICH!


G.P.O. — THAT STANDS FOR GIVE PENNY OLLOVIT! HEH! HEH!
NO WONDER PENNY IS BOTTOM OF THE CLASS FOR SPELLING!


POST! POST! — A LETTER FOR MR. SMITH!
COO! A LETTER FOR ME!
CRUNCH!
CHINK!

YES — IT'S THE LETTER ITCH! HAVE A GOOD SCRATCH!
EEK! IT'S A TRICK!

HAR! HAR! NOW FOR A QUICK GETAWAY!
AAGH! OOH!
SCRATCH!
SCRATCH!
JUMP!

WELL, WELL — WHO HAVE WE HERE?
CRUNCH!

CRIME DOESN'T PAY! RIGHT?
RIGHT!!
AND I RECKON YOUR DAD WILL SHOW YOU WHY!

JUST LEAVE HER WITH ME, OFFICER!
IT'S A PLEASURE, SIR!

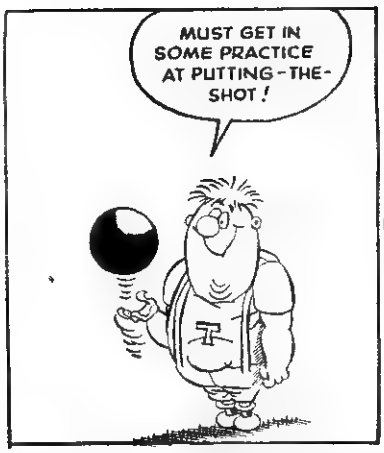
ROBBING BANKS, EH, M'GIRL?
Y-YES, DAD—

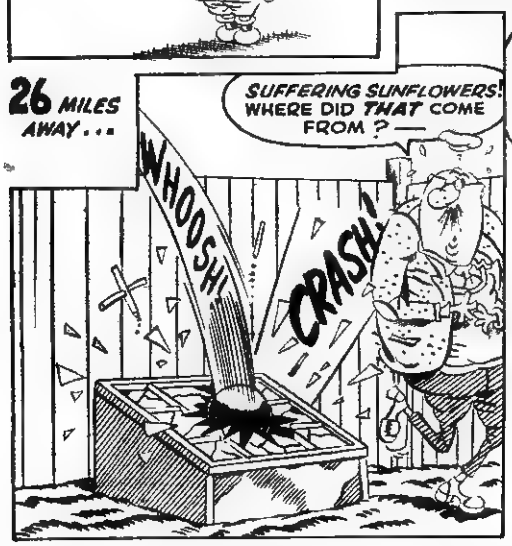
WHOOSH!
WA-AAH! STEADY ON, DAD! NOT SO HARD — IF YOU KEEP THIS UP I'LL HAVE TO ROB A BLOOD BANK!

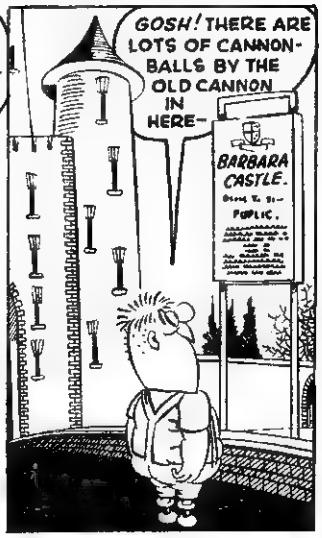
BAH!! FROM ROBBERY TO THROBBERY!!!
THROB!

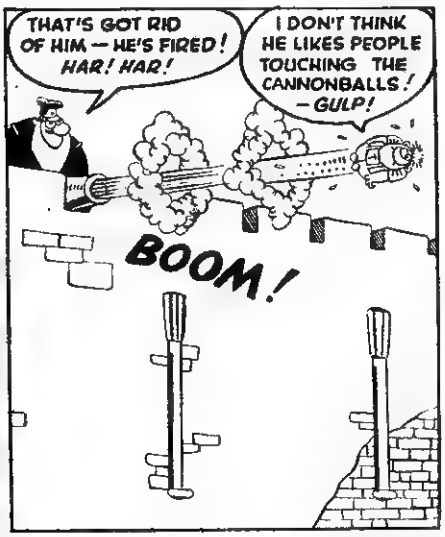
IT'S THE STRONGEST BOY IN THE WORLD . . .

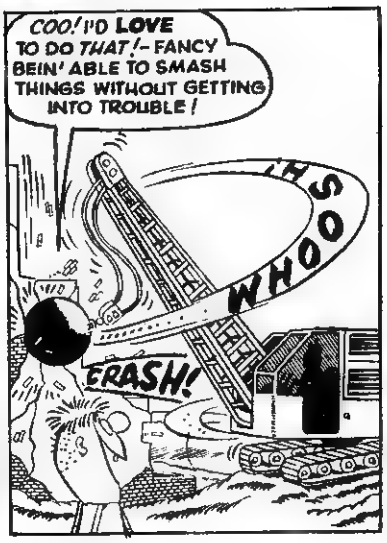
TUFFY McGREW

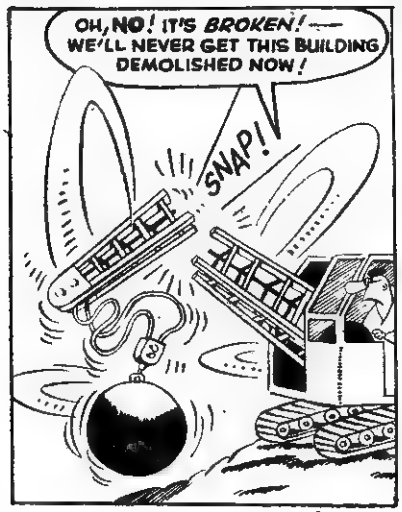


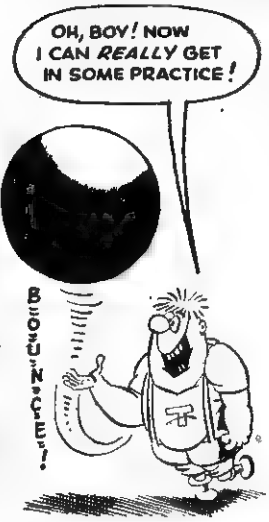












MEET . . . Mister Knowall

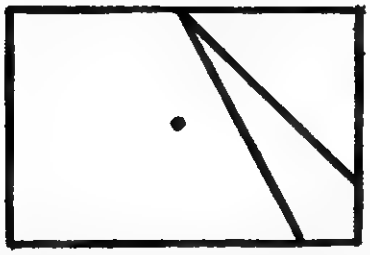
He knows everything there is to know about everything—and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

BOOMERANG!

CUT this banana shape out of cardboard as closely as possible to the size and shape of my drawing. Done it? . . . Good! . . . Now place it flat on the back of the first three fingers of your left hand, sloping them upward—AND FLICK IT SMARTLY WITH THE INDEX FINGER OF YOUR RIGHT HAND.

It will fly off . . . and return to you every time! Try it.

CHALLENGE!



Cut out the pattern above and paste it on to a piece of stiff paper, then press a pin through the middle—at the point where I have drawn a dot.

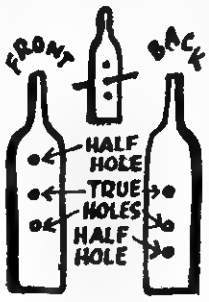
Now, believe it or not, we are going to see those two lines become a pattern of spiralling CIRCLES. How . . . ? That's for you to figure out. But don't lose the place—I'll be giving you the answer next week.

Know anyone you'd like to give a super "raspberry"? Okay . . . just flatten one end of a drinking straw and snip off the two corners with scissors. Now put it in your mouth and BLOW!!

Baffling Bat!

This is one of the easiest but most puzzling tricks you can make. All you need is a small piece of fairly thick balsa wood (that's the easiest to work!).

Shape it up into a little bat, then take a skewer or knitting needle and make two holes, one above the other right through the bat— as shown. Now, on one side, just **above** the top hole, make a hole that **does not go right through.** Then turn the bat over and make another false hole **below** the **bottom** real hole.



Now to do the trick. Show your pals the bat, then stick a match into one of the real holes so that it comes out the other side. Now cover the bat with one hand, twizzle it round by the handle, take away your hand—and the match is in a different hole!

Answer to last week's Challenge . . .

How can you make a matchbox tray pass towards you under a 'bridge' made out of the cover without touching it? EASY! Place one hand BEHIND the tray and blow hard on to your hand. Your breath, bouncing off your hand, should send the tray speeding under the bridge towards you.

£1 for Knowalls

Perhaps you know a trick or something that's fun to make or do. If so, send it on a postcard to Mr Knowall at the address below. If it's printed, you win £1. But, remember, it must be your own idea and not copied from somewhere else.

TO: MR. KNOWALL,
64, LONG ACRE,
LONDON, W.C.2.

NEW DINKY BOOK OF CARS

Get your copy!

104 colourful pages all about the bright bustling world of DYNAMIC

DINKY TOYS®

on sale at your favourite toy shop

Meccano Ltd., Binns Road, Liverpool.

YES...IT'S...

BATMAN

WITH ROBIN THE BOY WONDER

THE JET-PROPELLED BAT HOOKS WILL CATCH THE BUILDING'S ROOF!

WHOOSH!

TYRONE KOOM IS SUCH A FRIGHTENED BILLIONAIRE HE HAS SHUT HIMSELF AWAY IN HIS PENTHOUSE FLAT—SEEMS THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY FOR BATMAN TO REACH HIM!

COMMISSIONER GORDON'S ORDERS ARE TO GET IN -- SO GET IN WE MUST!

18TH FLOOR! BUT THE BUILDING IS AIR-CONDITIONED...SO THE WINDOWS WON'T OPEN!

GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO DO IT THE HARD WAY!

BATMAN!!

MR. KOOM, I PRESUME!

BASH!

WH...WHAT IS THIS?!?

I GUESS YOU MIGHT CALL IT SORT OF A HOLDUP!

BUT WHAT DO YOU WANT??

JUST MONEY, MR. KOOM!

BATMAN AND ROBIN--HOLDUP MEN?!? I--I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!!

THIS FOOLPROOF PLAN FOR KILLING BATMAN WILL MAKE US RICH!

HOW WOULD A DUMB BUNNY LIKE YOU THINK UP A FOOLPROOF PLAN?

MEANWHILE, AT THE DINGY FLAT OF GANGSTER "PRETTY BOY" FLOY AND HIS TWIN SISTER, FLO...

(C) 1967 National Periodical Publications, Inc.

BOY! IF YOU WASN'T MY SISTER--!

BIG BRAVE MAN!

SNAP!

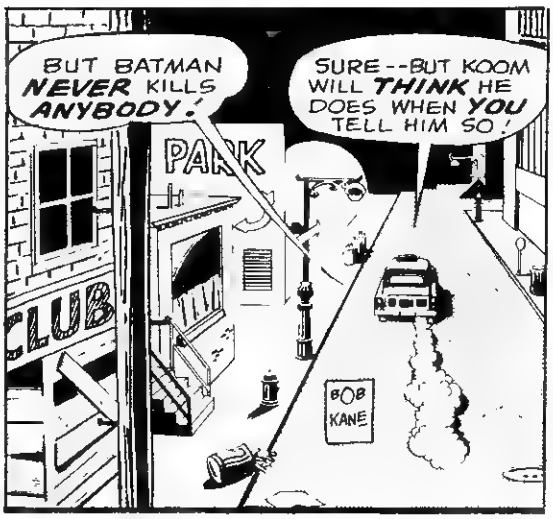
OKAY, OKAY. THE PLAN WAS SORT OF LEFT TO ME BY "BLUE MAX"--

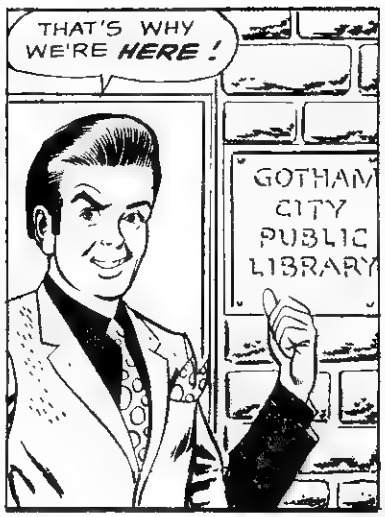
HMPH! HE WASN'T SO SMART EITHER!

Distributed by The Ledger Syndicate, Inc.

© 1967 National Periodical Publications, Inc.

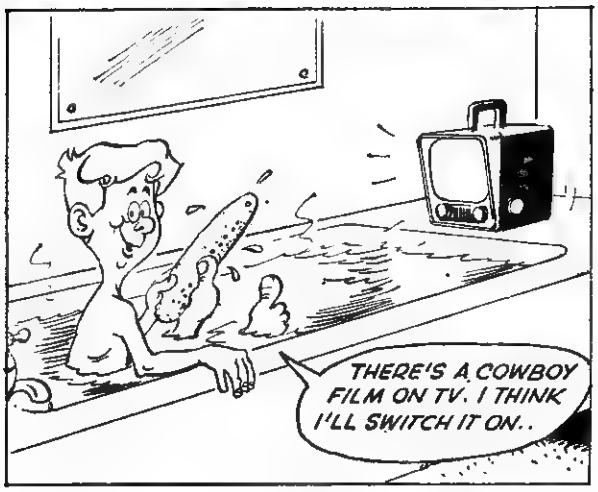
Distributed by The Ledger Syndicate Inc.

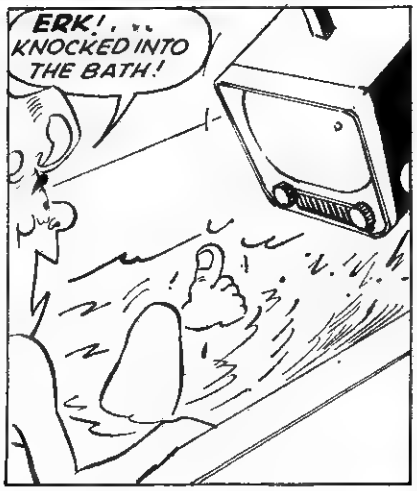


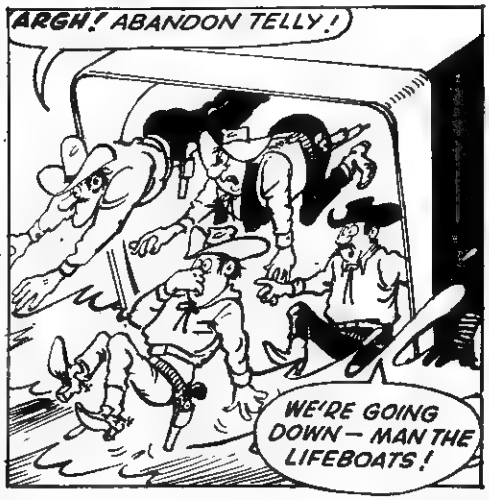


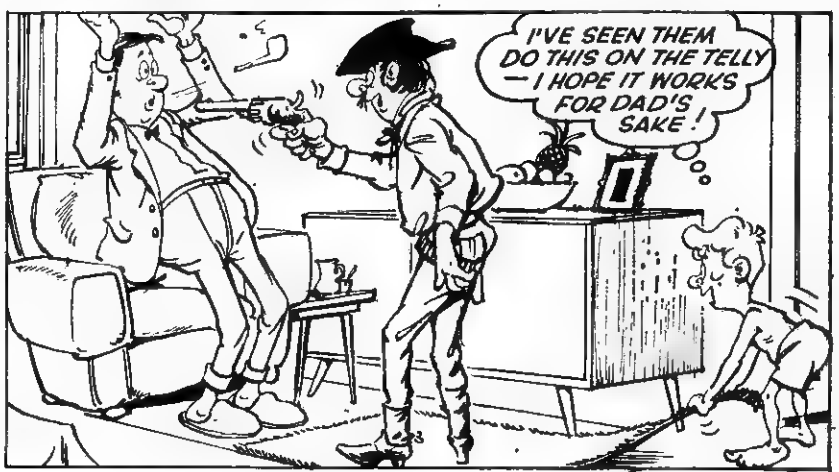
Charlie's Choice

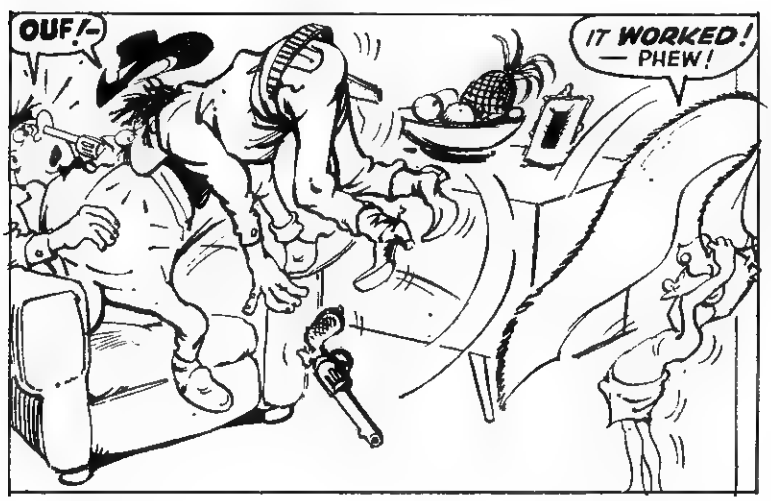
THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE!





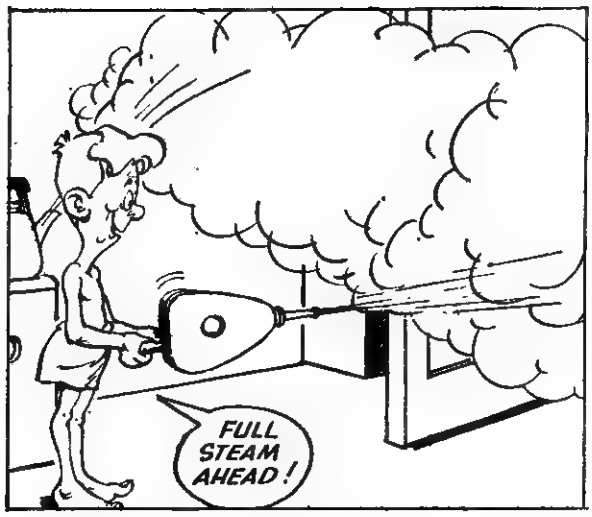


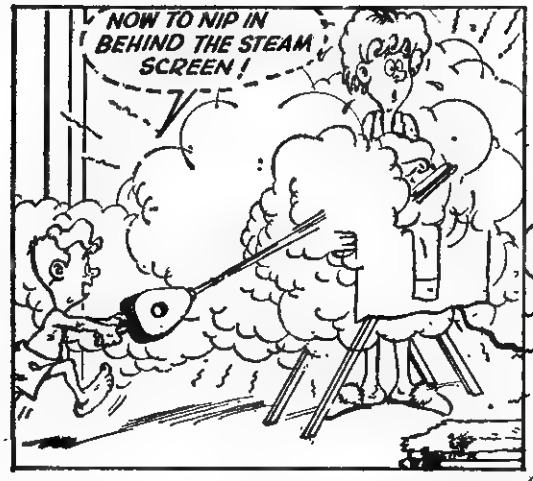




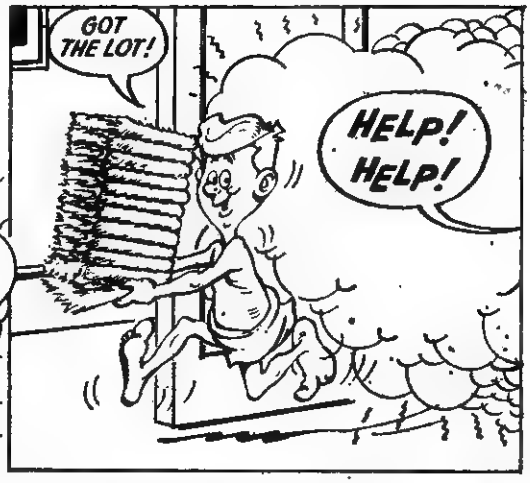
ERK! MUM'S DOING THE IRONING! SHE'LL SPOT ME IF I NICK ANY TOWELS!

GOOD — THE KETTLE'S BOILING! THIS SHOULD DO THE TRICK!

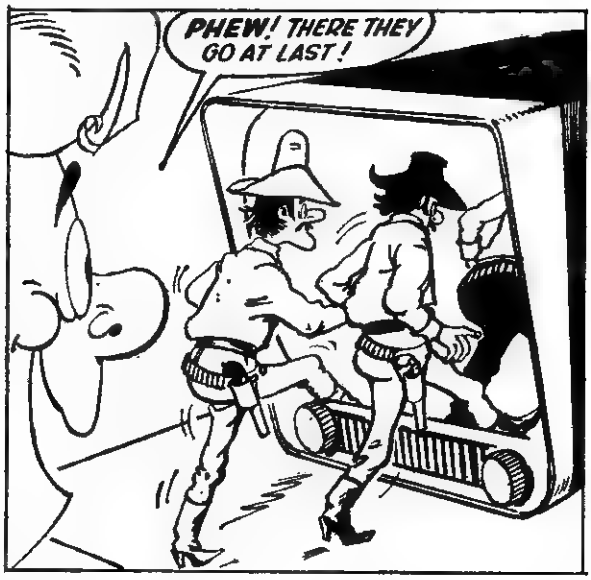

FULL STEAM AHEAD!


NOW TO NIP IN BEHIND THE STEAM SCREEN!

HELP! MY STEAM-IRON MUST HAVE GONE HAYWIRE!


GOT THE LOT!
HELP! HELP!

IF YOU'D BEEN ANY LONGER, WE WERE COMIN' OUT TO GET 'EM OURSELVES!
SORRY — NOW HURRY UP AND GET BACK IN THE TELLY!


PHEW! THERE THEY GO AT LAST!

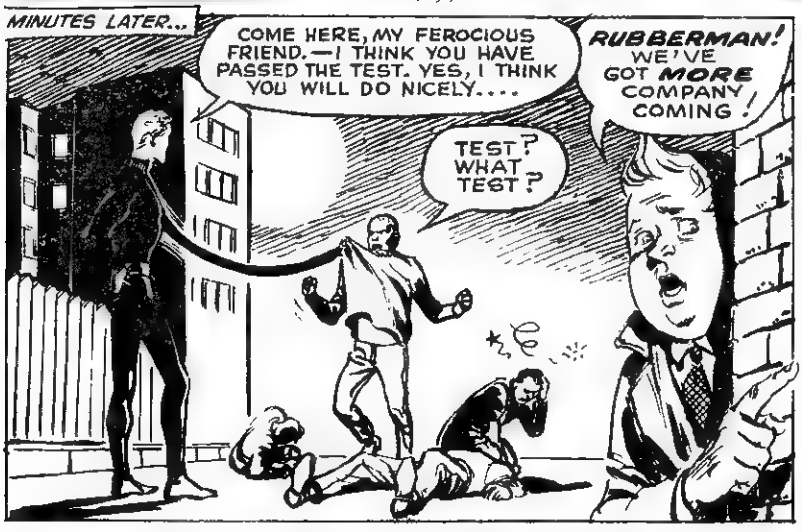
I'M SURE I IRONED LOTS OF CLEAN TOWELS. WHERE DID THEY ALL GO?

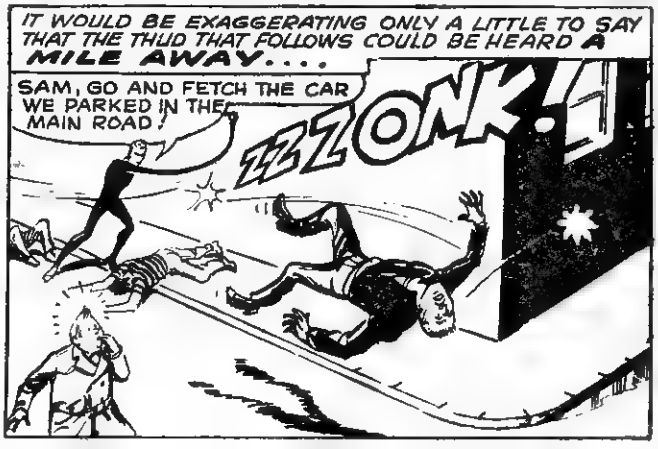
SUFFERING MUMS! YOU'RE THE ONLY LAD I KNOW WHO NEEDS A DOZEN TOWELS TO DRY HIMSELF!
WELL, IT'S A LONG STORY, MUM —

MUM WASN'T IN THE MOOD FOR LONG STORIES!!
THROB! THROB!

IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

THE INCREDIBLE RUBBERMAN AND HIS PARTNER IN PRIVATE-EYESHIP, SAM HUTT, HAVE BEEN ASSIGNED TO CAPTURE THAT HYPNOTISING CRIMINAL MASTER-MIND, MESMO. RUBBERMAN HAS A PLAN, WHICH INVOLVES GETTING INTO A FIGHT WITH A GANG OF TOUGHS IN A VERY TOUGH NEIGHBOURHOOD INDEED. . .





SLUGGER SYKES IS, LITERALLY, UNCONSCIOUS OF THE RIDE THAT FOLLOWS...

A TRULY FORMIDABLE FELLOW, SAM. IDEAL FOR MY LITTLE PLAN! THE PERFECT SPECIMEN IN FACT!

WHAT? PERFECT FOR RUBBERMAN, AM I ASKING TOO MUCH FOR YOU TO TELL ME... WHERE AM I SUPPOSED TO BE GOING?

THIS IS IT, SAM. CURB YOUR IMPATIENCE, PARTNER. ALL WILL BECOME CRYSTAL CLEAR ONCE I EXPLAIN MY REQUIREMENTS TO DOKTOR SHMERTZIL! I FOUND HIS NAME IN THE CLASSIFIED DIRECTORY AND TELEPHONED HIM. AS YOU SEE, HE AWAITS US!

DOKTOR SHMERTZIL

CONSULT DOKTOR SHMERTZIL PROFESSOR OF HYPNOTISM.

BREA THAT HABIT

AND SO...

...OF COURSE I AM SURE OF WHAT I SAY. A MAN ALREADY UNDER HYPNOSIS CANNOT BE PUT UNDER FURTHER HYPNOSIS!

JUST WHAT I HOPED YOU'D SAY, DOKTOR! THEN LET US PROCEED. I AM NO ARTIST, BUT I HAVE PREPARED A FAIRLY ACCURATE LIKENESS OF A CERTAIN INDIVIDUAL....

YOU MEAN THAT DRAWING OF MESMO YOU SPENT ALL YESTERDAY ON?

WHILE THE GOOD DOKTOR BEGINS TO EARN HIS MONEY.....

...YOU WILL REGISTER THIS FACE!...YOU HATE THIS FACE!... YOU WILL NOT REST UNTIL YOU HAVE FOUND THIS FACE....

NOW DO YOU SEE, SAM? SLUGGER SYKES IS NOW BEING TURNED INTO MESMO'S SWORN ENEMY! AND A TRULY FORMIDABLE ENEMY, TOO! THAT'S WHY WE WENT TO ALL THAT TROUBLE TO FIND SOMEONE SO STRONG AND FEROCIOUS...

...BUT AS WE LEARNED TO OUR COST, SAM, BRUTE FORCE IS NOT ENOUGH TO DEFEAT MESMO! SO IN ADDITION TO IMPLANTING A HATRED OF MESMO IN SLUGGER'S MIND, THIS HYPNOSIS SESSION ALSO...

...I'VE GOT IT! IT MEANS MESMO CAN'T USE HIS HYPNOTIC POWERS TO STOP SLUGGER.. 'COS SLUGGER'S ALREADY HYPNOTISED!

SAM, YOUR QUICK APPRECIATION OF STRATEGY IS POSITIVELY AWE-INSPIRING! TELL ME, HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT OF GOING INTO THE PRIVATE DETECTIVE BUSINESS...?

FUN-NEE! BUT NOW WE HAVE SLUGGER SYKES ON OUR SIDE, WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

SIMPLE, MY DEAR HUTTSON! WE HAVE THE TRAP.. NAMELY MR. SYKES... NOW WE MERELY HAVE TO PROVIDE THE BAIT!

TWO DAYS LATER...

THERE IT IS, SAM! THE BAIT! EVERY ART TREASURE MADE OF PURE GOLD! ENOUGH TO MAKE ANY THIEF'S MOUTH WATER!

ESPECIALLY MESMO'S! AND ESPECIALLY BECAUSE IT'S YOUR GOLD HE'LL BE STEALING!

RUBBERMAN WILL HOLD EXHIBITION OF NEWLY ACQUIRED ART TREASURES

AND WHEN HE COMES... WE'LL HAVE OUR NEW COLLEAGUE WAITING FOR HIM!

I JUST HOPE YOUR IDEA WORKS!

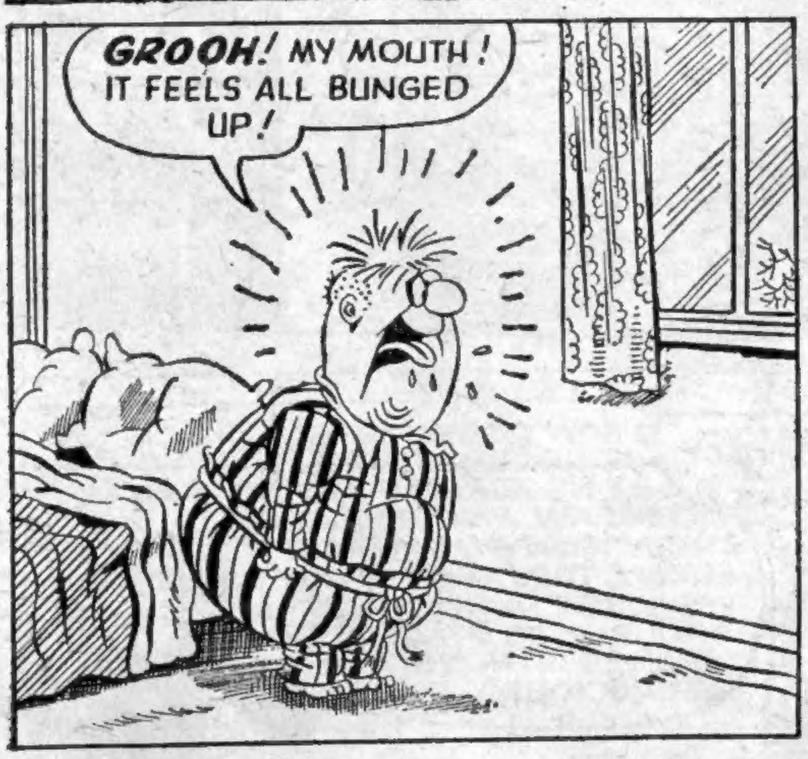
ELSEWHERE...

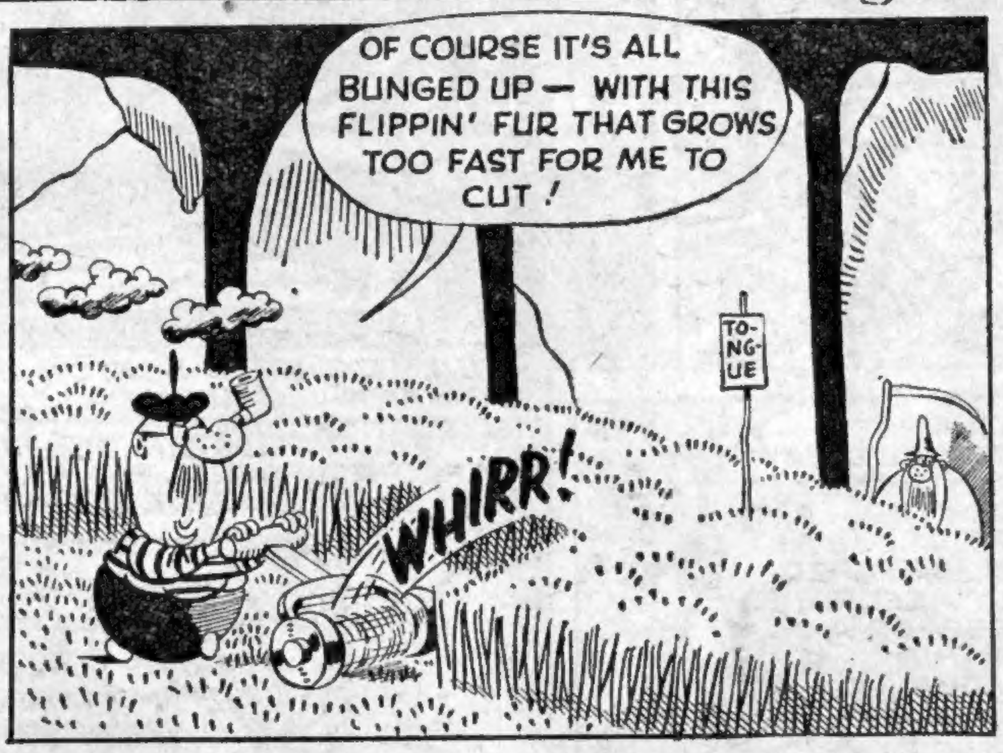
SO! RUBBERMAN'S EXHIBITION OPENS TODAY! AND WITH INSUFFERABLE ARROGANCE, HE SAYS HE DOES NOT NEED SECURITY GUARDS... BECAUSE HE WILL WATCH OVER HIS TREASURES....

IT'S TIME I REVEALED TO RUBBERMAN THE FULL POWER OF MESMO!

NEXT WEEK:
MESMO STRIKES!

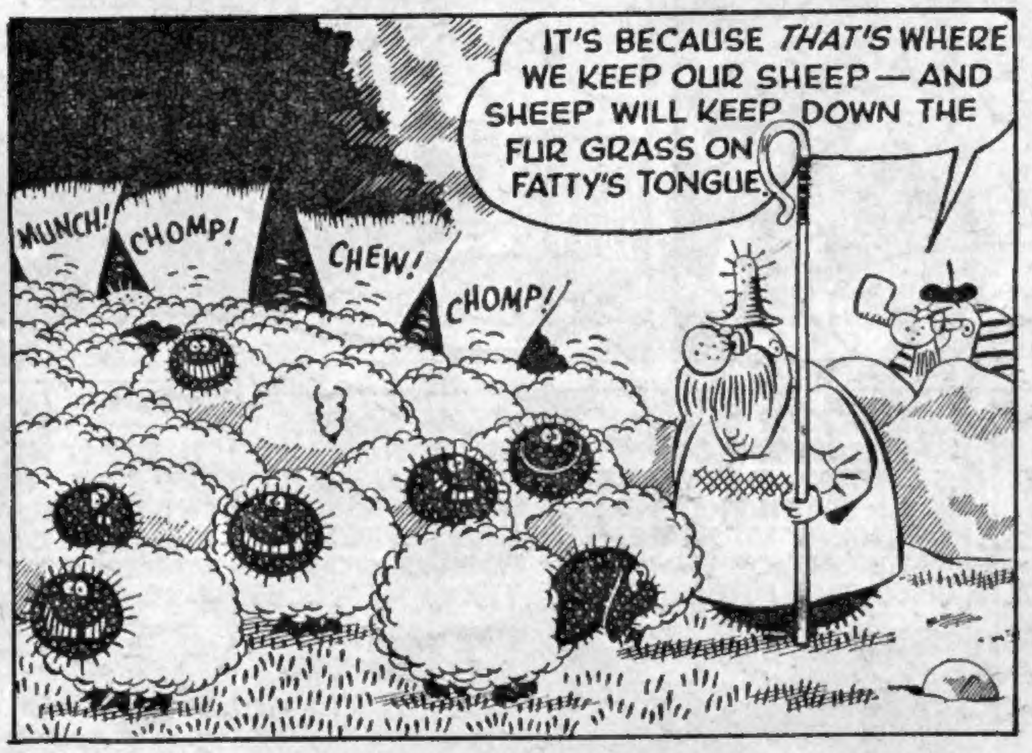
THE NERVS


GROOH! MY MOUTH! IT FEELS ALL BUNGED UP!


OF COURSE IT'S ALL BUNGED UP — WITH THIS FLIPPIN' FUR THAT GROWS TOO FAST FOR ME TO CUT!
TO-NG-UE
WHIRR!

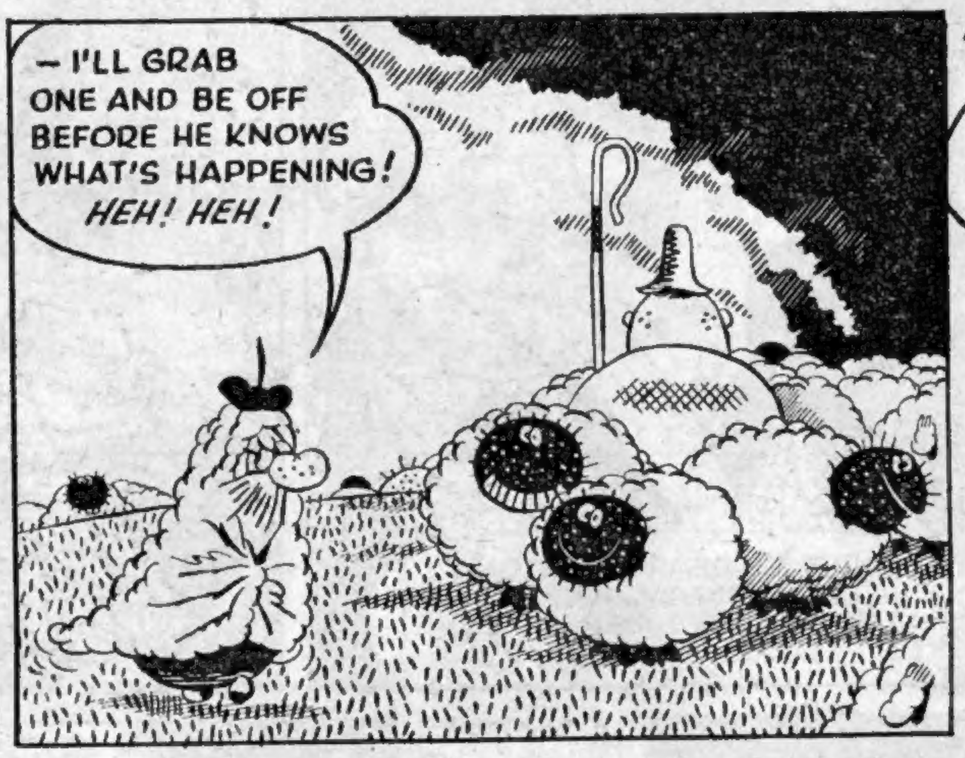
COO! I'VE JUST HAD AN IDEA — NO MORE HARD WORK FOR ME!
TO-NG-UE

YOU MUST HAVE HEARD FATTY'S MUM CALLING HIM WOOLLY-HEADED OR MUTTON-HEAD — WELL, YOU'LL SOON SEE WHY.

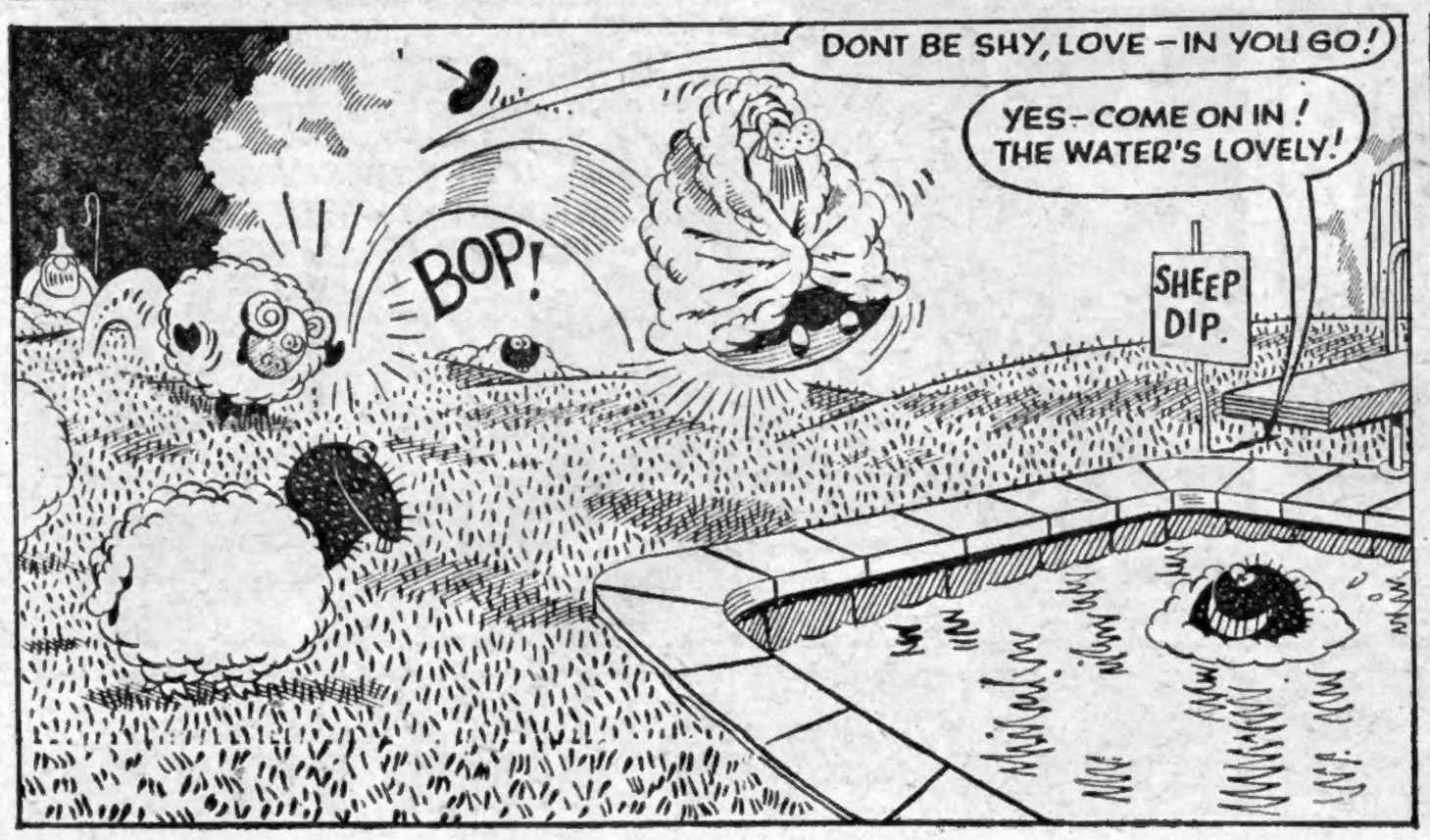

IT'S BECAUSE THAT'S WHERE WE KEEP OUR SHEEP — AND SHEEP WILL KEEP DOWN THE FUR GRASS ON FATTY'S TONGUE.
MUNCH!
CHOMP!
CHEW!
CHOMP!

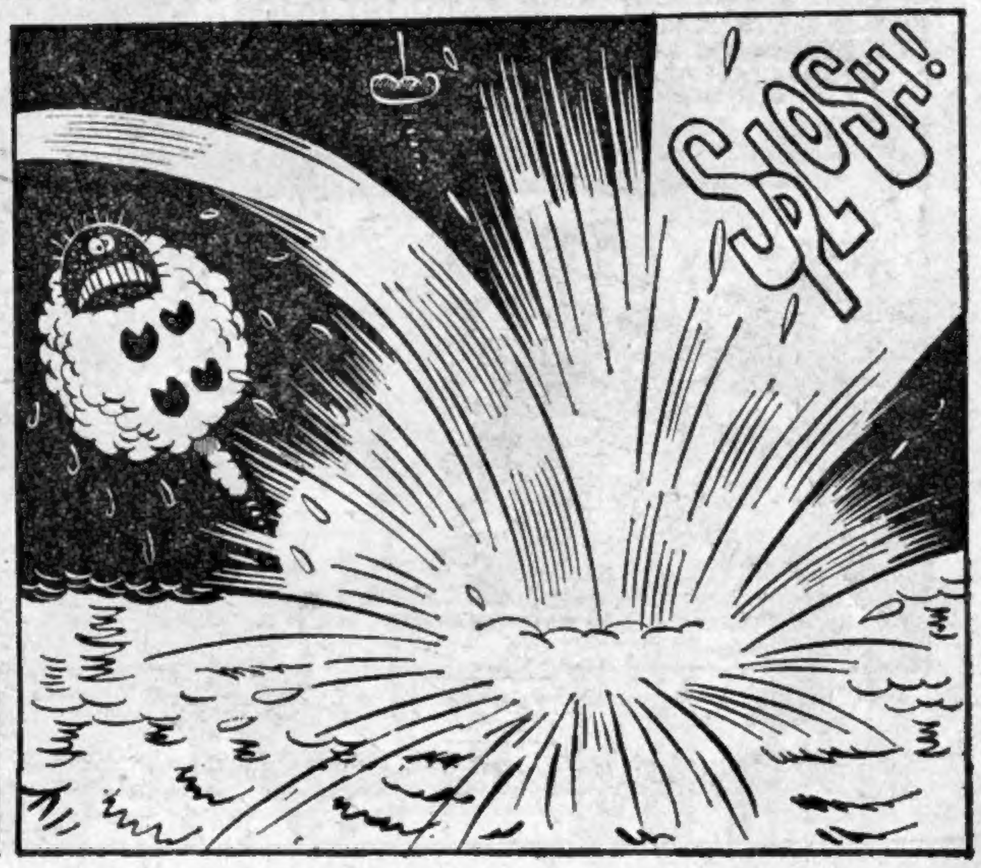
UP TO YOUR TRICKS AGAIN, EH, MARTY? — BACK TO YOUR LAWN MOWER, LAD!
ERK!

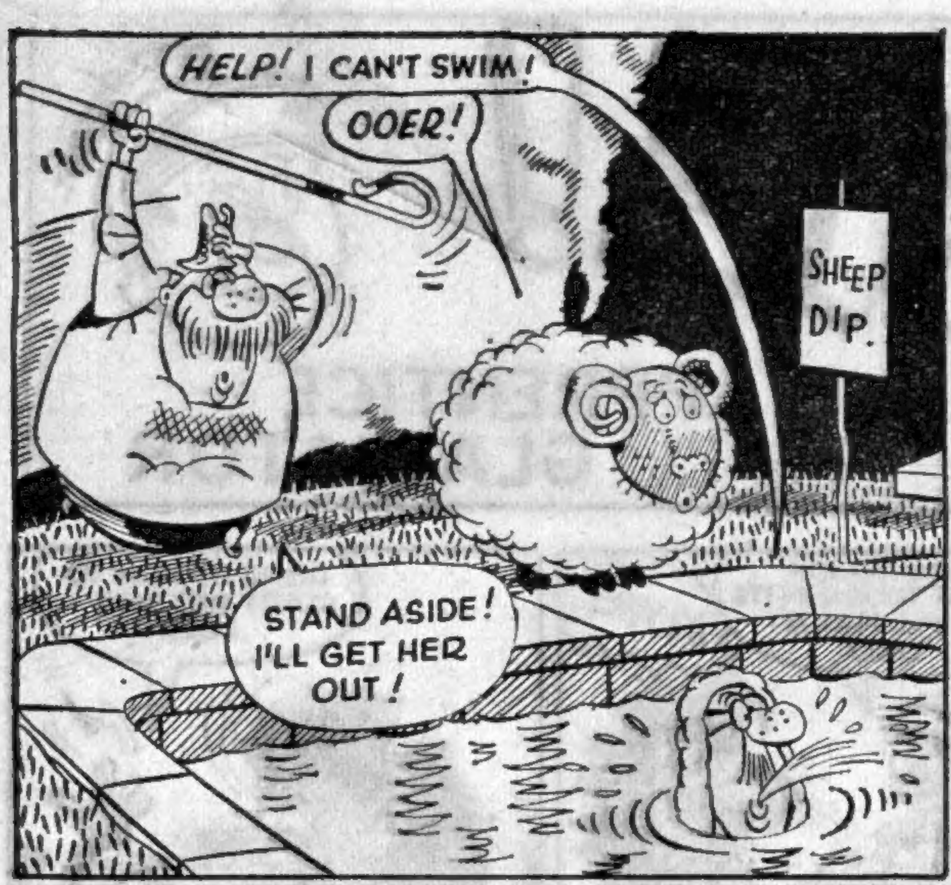
I'M NOT GIVING UP — THAT OL' TWIT WILL NEVER SEE THROUGH THIS DISGUISE!
TO-NG-UE

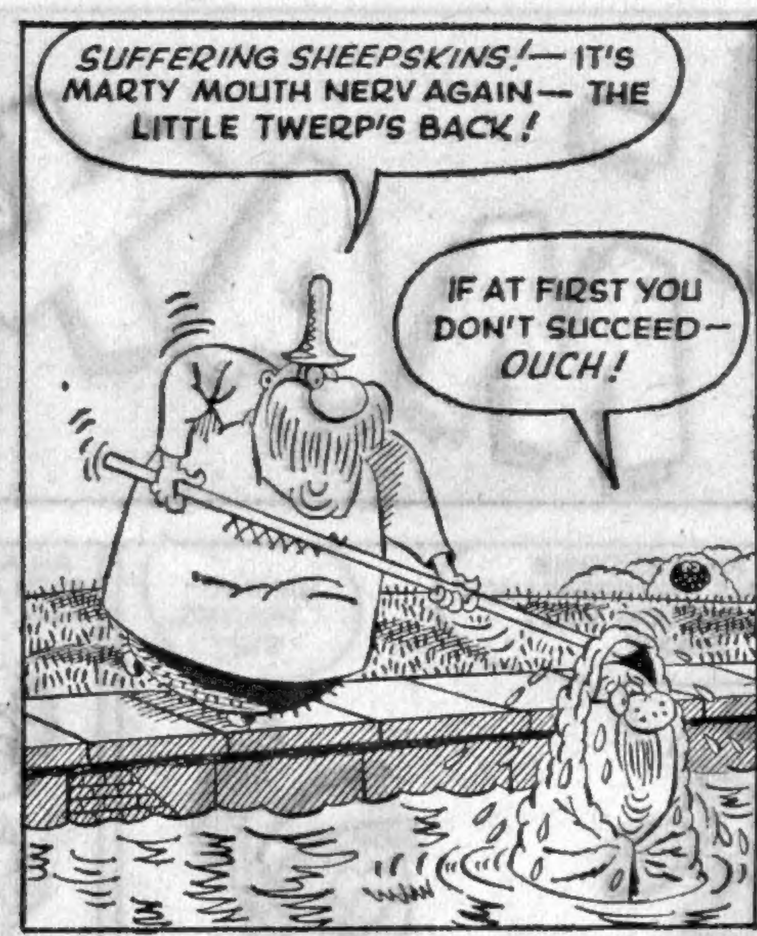

— I'LL GRAB ONE AND BE OFF BEFORE HE KNOWS WHAT'S HAPPENING! HEH! HEH!

BUT —
HELLO — HAVEN'T SEEN EWE AROUND HERE BEFORE, GORGEOUS. HOW ABOUT COMING FOR A DIP?
ER-WELL — ER — GULP! —

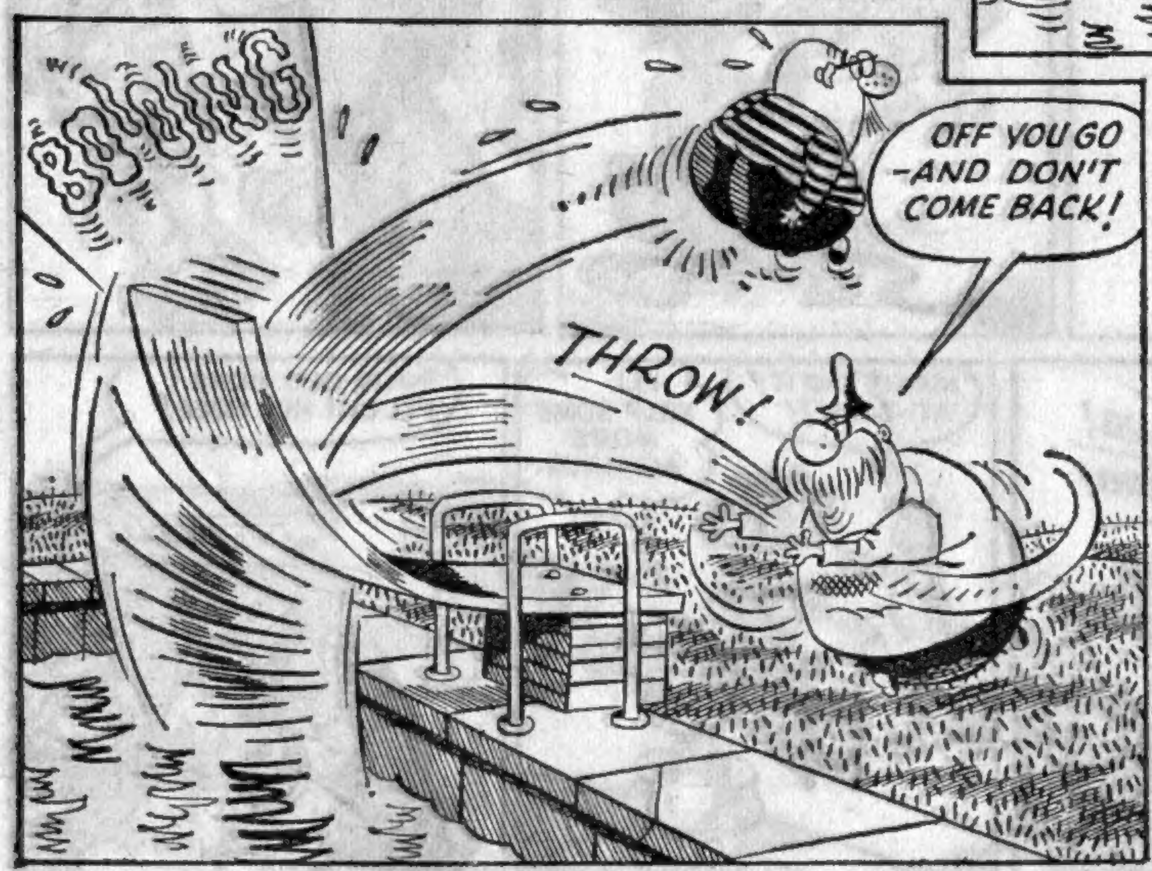

DONT BE SHY, LOVE — IN YOU GO!
YES — COME ON IN! THE WATER'S LOVELY!
BOP!
SHEEP DIP.


SPLOSH!

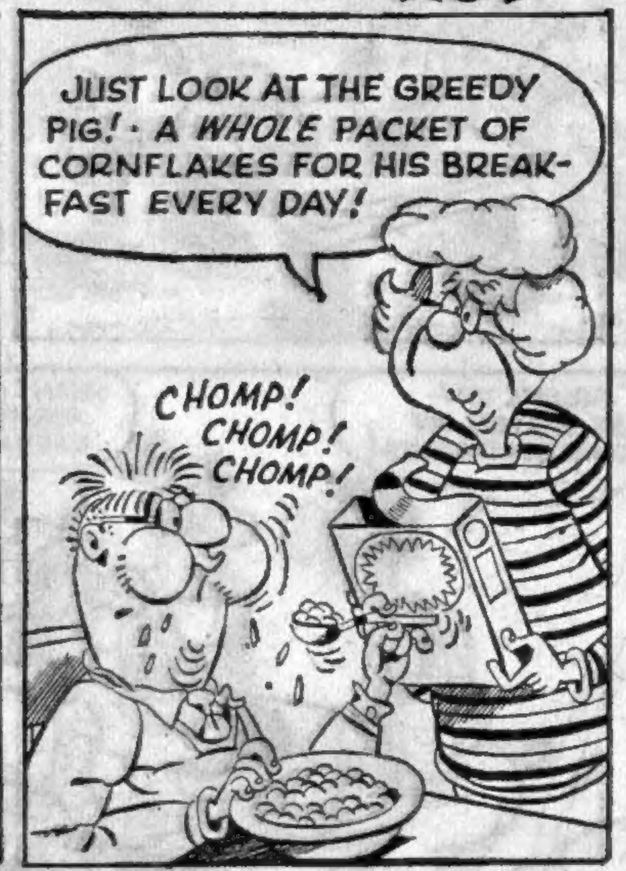

HELP! I CAN'T SWIM!
OOER!
SHEEP DIP.
STAND ASIDE! I'LL GET HER OUT!


SUFFERING SHEEPSKINS!— IT'S MARTY MOUTH NERV AGAIN— THE LITTLE TWERP'S BACK!
IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED— OUCH!

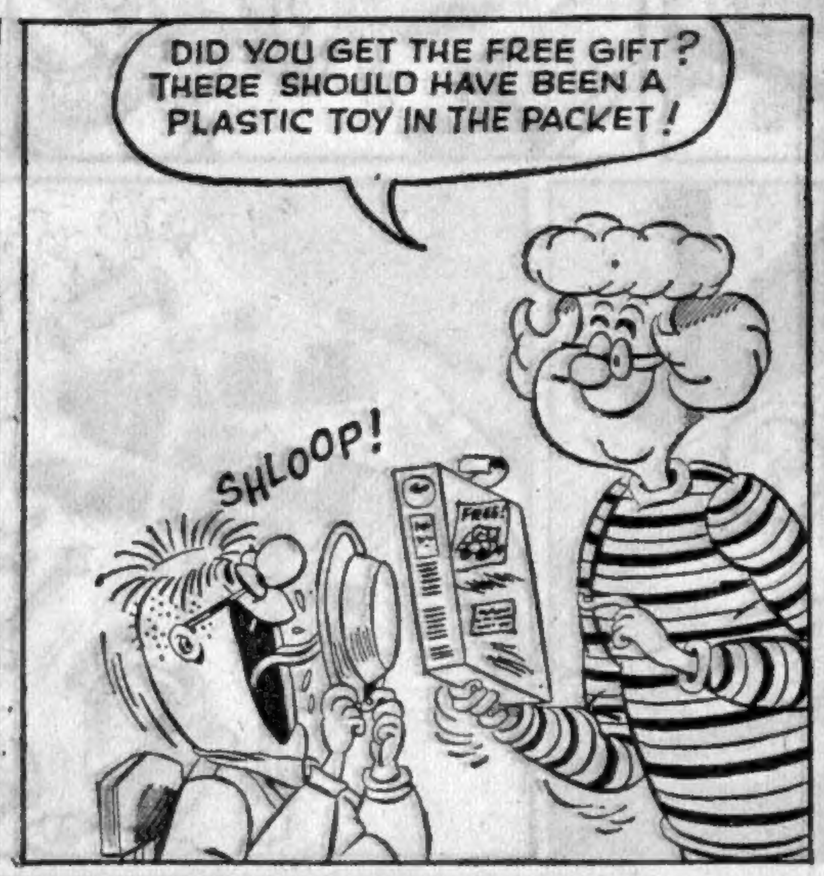
HE MUST THINK I'M HALF ASHLEEP! FANCY TRYING TO PULL THE WOOL OVER MY EYES!
THUD!


OFF YOU GO -AND DON'T COME BACK!
THROW!

HUH! FATTY WILL SOON BE HAVING HIS BREAK FAST AND THAT'LL PUT MORE FUR ON HIS TONGUE! IT'S NOT RIGHT!
TO-NG-UE


JUST LOOK AT THE GREEDY PIG! - A WHOLE PACKET OF CORNFLAKES FOR HIS BREAK-FAST EVERY DAY!
CHOMP! CHOMP! CHOMP!

I'M SURE IT'S ALL THAT MILK THAT MAKES THE FUR GROW ---
--IT ACTS LIKE A FERTILISER!
TO-NG-UE


DID YOU GET THE FREE GIFT? THERE SHOULD HAVE BEEN A PLASTIC TOY IN THE PACKET!
SHLOOP!

A—A FREE GIFT?!?

AARGH! I MUST HAVE SWALLOWED IT!!

THE TWERP DIDN'T SWALLOW IT—I GOT IT BEFORE IT WENT OVER TONSIL GAP!

AH, WELL! ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL! NO MORE PUSHING A LAWN MOWER FOR ME!
TO-NG-UE

MINI-MAXIE!

APPRENTICE GLADIATOR

SMASH! printed in Great Britain by Southernprint Limited, Branksome, Poole, Dorset, and published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Sole agents for Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch (A/sia) Ltd.; South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd. Subscription Rates: Inland, 12 months 48/-; abroad (including Canada), 12 months 50/-; Dollar Rate for U.S.A. & Canada $6.50. Please send your order to Subscription Dept., 8-9 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
CONDITIONS OF SALE: this periodical shall not, without the written consent of the Publishers, be lent, resold or hired out at more than the recommended selling price as shown on the cover, or otherwise disposed of in any unauthorised cover by way of trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.